

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW

OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 245, Vol. 10.

July 7, 1860.

PRICE 6d.
Stamped 7d.

THE PRIVILEGE QUESTION.

LORD PALMERSTON is so little of a constitutional antiquary that he regards the Crown as one of the Estates of the Realm, or, in other words, identifies the QUEEN with one class of her subjects. On the other hand, the First Minister has sense and discretion; and he recommended, in a speech of admirable temper and prudence, the Resolutions which expressed a compromise previously settled in the Cabinet. The wisdom of the course which has been adopted is proved by the unanimous assent which indignant members vainly attempt to explain away by speeches inconsistent with their votes. Even Mr. GLADSTONE, although he denounced with frantic indecorum the absence of opposition to himself and his colleagues, is as fully pledged to the pacific policy of the Resolutions as the most rational and consistent member of the Cabinet. Mr. BRIGHT's organ affected to believe that Mr. DISRAELI and his party would vote against the Government, as an excuse for the concurrence of the small faction of extreme Liberals in Lord PALMERSTON's judicious inaction. Mr. COLLIER, Lord FERMOY, and Mr. EDWIN JAMES withdrew, in deference to universal opinion, the amendments which they had prepared under a misconception of its tendency. The divisions which took place in the Committee on Precedents sufficiently indicated the indisposition of the House to precipitate an unnecessary collision. As might have been expected, Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Mr. GLADSTONE voted in all divisions for the strongest and most pugnacious assertion of the rights of the Commons. Their more prudent and dispassionate chief, though he would probably have been glad to hush the matter up, apparently thought it desirable to retain some control over the proceedings of his zealous colleagues by adopting their patriotic language whenever it was not too enthusiastic. Two, at least, of the minority of three ought, on reconsideration of Mr. BRIGHT's Draft, to be well satisfied that they failed in pledging the Committee to the implied proposition that a speech of Mr. PYM formed an authoritative interpretation of the Constitution. Mr. BRIGHT, with a not unnatural sympathy, proposed to quote six or seven times in the Report the defiance which the famous leader of the popular party addressed in CHARLES I.'s last short Parliament to the House of Lords. On the same authority, it might have been urged that the Commons were exempt from process of treason or felony, and that they might commit their own members, and even Peers, to the Tower for words spoken in debate. Mr. WALPOLE was fortunately not in a passion, and accordingly his Report is consistent with the analogies of law and with the rules of logic. The amendments which were introduced with Lord PALMERSTON's assent, while they perhaps tended to conciliate the feelings of the House, effected no serious change in the tone or substance of the Report.

The most important alteration in the Chairman's Draft was carried on the motion of Sir JAMES GRAHAM, and the advocates of the House of Lords have little reason to regret the change. Mr. WALPOLE had remarked that the power of the House of Commons had been diminished by the practice of granting duties for unlimited periods, and by the distribution of supplies into different statutes. The majority of the Committee probably thought it inexpedient to acknowledge that any right of the House could fall into partial desuetude, and some of them may perhaps have observed that, in accounting for a decay of privilege, the author of the Draft unintentionally suggested a method by which it might be revived. There is no doubt that, at a considerable cost of Parliamentary and public convenience, the House of Commons may in future secure the absolute control of all financial arrangements. Taking advantage of the error of their rivals, and of their own casual concurrence with public

opinion, the Lords have won a post which it is impossible that they should ultimately hold. In a paragraph proposed by Mr. SOTHERON ESTCOURT, it was accurately stated that "the great principle that the right of determining the amount of national expenditure, and of furnishing the Crown with the means of meeting such expenditure, exclusively belongs to the Commons, has been for more than four hundred years asserted and maintained by them, without interfering with the independent authority of the Lords, by adhering strictly to the forms of Parliamentary proceeding." Mr. ESTCOURT proceeded to argue that, in default of a formal opportunity of dealing with a rejected Bill, it is necessary to acquiesce in the permanent control of the Budget by the House of Lords. Lord PALMERSTON's third Resolution points to the not less obvious inference, that Parliamentary forms may be so manipulated as to deprive Lord DERRY and Lord MONTAGUE of any future facility for correcting the financial improvidence of the Commons.

It fortunately happened that an immediate collision between the Houses was impossible, inasmuch as the aggrieved party is estopped by its own regulations from taking the initiative in a quarrel. According to Parliamentary practice, a conference can only be demanded by the House which is at the moment in possession of a Bill. If a Supply Bill is sent down with amendments, the House of Commons demands a conference, but the Bill for the repeal of the Paper Duty is at present waiting to be read a second time in the Lords on a certain day in next November. On the principle that every wrong has its constitutional remedy, the helplessness of the House of Commons might be urged as a proof that no breach of privilege has been committed. A case might be imagined in which the repeal of a tax might be defeated in the House of Lords without any corporate or Parliamentary action whatever. It is impossible to compel any individual peer to take charge of a Bill from the Commons, and it is certain that no measure can be introduced without a mover. If the Government had withdrawn the Paper Bill, the House of Commons would only have known that the measure which it had itself recently passed had never been brought by any peer under the consideration of the House of Lords. The rejection by a majority is equally irreversible; and it only remains to acquiesce in the rebuff, and to consider whether it is expedient to anticipate and defeat similar proceedings in future.

The Government Resolutions are, on the whole, comparatively unobjectionable. If the vast majority of the House desired to express its own prevailing opinion, a more candid exposition of the circumstances might easily have been composed; but it would have been unseemly to confess "that this House was talked over by Mr. GLADSTONE in February, and that it had not the courage or honesty to retract a hasty decision when it had arrived at a sounder conviction in May." Only an assembly of cynics would proceed to explain how the House of Lords had been encouraged in a constitutional encroachment by the just alarm which had been excited by a reckless sacrifice of the public revenue. It would be superfluous to add that the ancient privilege of the Commons has been, to a certain extent, endangered by the abusive exercise of a power which the House of Lords would never have otherwise questioned. There are some things which it is better not to place on record, or even to utter in public, and on the other hand it is well that the House of Commons should not bluster too loudly about its rights at the moment when it has confessedly been guilty of misfeasance in the discharge of its duties. Lord PALMERSTON's sop to patriotic indignation seems, on the whole, not excessive, and if it had been more scanty it might have failed of its purpose. The claim of right is expressed moderately, accurately, and in literal conformity with many approved precedents. The exposition of latent powers with which the Resolutions con-

clude, although it may imply a warning, is not necessarily to be construed as a threat.

It is much better to settle Constitutional quarrels by some compromise or tacit understanding; but if they are pushed to extremity, they resolve themselves into questions of comparative power. Those who have approved of the financial policy of the Lords, and yet deprecated their exercise of their legal right of rejecting Supply Bills, have been chiefly influenced by the knowledge that, in the event of a conflict between the Houses, the victory must necessarily remain with the assembly which grants or withholds supplies. The Lords will retain the power of rejecting any Bill, but the Commons can send up Money Bills which no House of Lords will venture to reject. Even in the ensuing session, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER may include in a single Bill the grant of an Income-tax which will be indispensable to the service of the State, and the repeal or modification of half the duties which remain in the tariff of Customs or Excise. As it would be impossible to alter or divide such a Bill, the Lords would be reduced to the dilemma of throwing all the affairs of the country into confusion, or of abstaining, as in all former times, from the regulation of the Budget. The precedents show, at the utmost, that the House of Commons will tolerate a trifling interference, but Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Mr. GLADSTONE were justified in maintaining that no Bill for repealing an important tax has ever been rejected or lost in the House of Lords. The majority of the Committee decided, not that the assertion was untrue, but that it was undesirable to include in the Report arguments which involved no technical distinction.

If the country and the House of Commons concurred in the common and plausible opinion that the Lords ought to possess a control over Money Bills, it would be easy, by mere acquiescence, to introduce a great constitutional change. The objection to such a policy consists in the fact that it is at the same time inexpedient and impracticable. Mr. COLLIER's argument, though opposed to his vote, would have been difficult to answer. Mr. GLADSTONE's extravagance is only a bombastic and untimely assertion of constitutional doctrines, although Mr. DISRAELI justly remarked that, like DEMOSTHENES, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER seemed to consider the oratorical gestures which he performed an equivalent for the action which he recommended. Lord JOHN RUSSELL showed that it would be a blunder as well as an innovation, that Finance Ministers should have two assemblies to consider and to convince; and, he might have added, that the House of Lords ought not to share the responsibility and possible odium of taxation. Even if the new theory were unobjectionable, it would be impossible to realize or maintain it, for old-fashioned constitutional doctrines will retain their popularity long after the Budget of 1860 has been forgotten. The Resolutions pledge the House to no particular course of future action, and if the Lords prudently profit by the hint, it will be unnecessary to approach nearer to a collision.

THE MORALITY OF RAPINE.

WE have never pretended to fathom the precise plans of the Emperor of the FRENCH. Probably they are not so fixed as it is the fashion to assume, but rather shift as circumstances change and openings present themselves—as this or that door in the European house appears to be on the latch, as this or that window seems imperfectly fastened. In answer to those who demand the reasons of our apprehensions, we have pointed simply to patent facts—to a life passed in conspiracy; to a throne won by treason, perjury, and massacre; to Europe kept in perpetual alarm, and twice plunged into war; to the crowd of “unofficial” pamphlets which breathe the spirit of restless aggrandizement; to Savoy, solemnly renounced, and then violently appropriated; and, above all, to those vast and costly armaments which are in a perpetual course of augmentation, and which can have no conceivable object but that of aggressive war. These are the “data” whereon we ground conclusions which we shall not abandon because somebody, on paying his bill at a French inn, has not found the landlady avowedly disposed for an immediate invasion of England—much less on that still more slender security, the pacific protestations of NAPOLEON III. Practically, indeed, we come to the same conclusion as our censors; for they, after scoffing at our irrational fears, and denouncing our lack of diplomatic politeness, end by advising us, merely “by way of precaution,” to “grasp our arms.” The French EMPEROR is the most respectable of mankind; but if

you have to travel alone with him, carry loaded pistols with you “by way of precaution.” Affairs in Europe, we have been informed, “look more pacific at this moment than they have for a long time past.” We should hope they did. This was the reward we expected for spending our money in ships and fortifications, and our time and labour in getting up Volunteer corps.

However, an article which appeared a few days ago in the “unofficial” *Opinion Nationale*, seems really to afford a glimpse of the scheme which at present occupies the French EMPEROR's mind. The ostensible object of the article was to allay the fears of Germany; but the German mind must be singularly constituted if its fears can be allayed by such chloroform as the article contained. The day of “*revendication par la force*,” it seems, has passed. It would not do at the present time, without pretence or excuse, to pour an army of invasion into the Rhine provinces. The EMPEROR is endowed with “a tact too nice, a sentiment of the tendency of opinion too just,” to propose that sort of thing to France—“tact” and “sentiment of the tendency of opinion,” being, we presume, the Imperial substitutes for the more commonplace restraints on burglarious desires. To speak plainly, LOUIS NAPOLEON is acute enough to see that a repetition of the unmasked rapine of his uncle would bring the world about his ears. The epoch of DICK TURPIN is gone—that of SADLER and PULLINGER has arrived. France, “not to mince matters,” as the honest IAGO of the *Opinion Nationale* says, “does not renounce the frontier of the Rhine,” but she must have a moral pretext for seizing on it. A moral pretext there is likely to be. Europe is “undergoing a process of decomposition and recomposition,” for which of course French intrigue is not at all responsible. Nobody knows what may happen in the course of a few years. “The future is open; it is a history which it belongs to nobody to write beforehand.” “Nearly the whole of the map of Europe is in question.” It certainly is in question in the effusions of French pamphleteers. “Is Prussia bound by oath never to think of German unity? Can she answer that she will never cast a longing eye on Hanover, Saxony, Brunswick, Hesse, Oldenburg, and Mecklenburg? To-day Sovereigns embrace each other, and certainly do so in good faith. But who can know what their people will demand of them a few years hence? And if, under the irresistible pressure of public opinion, all Germany should come to form one powerful State, would it be just, would it be reasonable, that France alone should preserve her frontier of 1815, when everybody in Germany would find it expedient to extend or suppress his own?” Of course, it would be most unjust and unreasonable that the Germans should be allowed to alter their own internal arrangements without extending their territory, and that France should not be allowed at the same time to extend her territory at the expense of her neighbours. Again we are told, “If the Germans should think proper to modify their ancient political Constitution, and substitute for the impotent Confederation a single strong, centralized Government, we would not answer that France would not think it reasonable to demand of Germany compensations and securities.”

The “impotence” of Germany, then, is a part of the established rights and vested interests of France; and if Germany ceases to be “impotent,” France is to be entitled to seize a certain number of German provinces by way of “compensation.” No nation contiguous to France shall have the audacity to be united, well-organized, and powerful like France herself, without forfeiting to her a portion of its territory by way of security for her continued preponderance. No country shall presume, without being fined for its presumption, to put itself in such a condition as not to be at the common tyrant's feet. To induce Prussia to take the step on which, according to this modest and beneficent doctrine, the Rhine provinces would escheat to France, was plainly the object of the earnestly desired interview with the PRINCE REGENT, and is the object of the pamphlets in which M. ABOUT and the rest of the EMPEROR's literary voltigeurs impress the advantages of “unity” on the German nation. Sardinia has been incited to go to war with Austria and extend her own dominions in Italy, in order to furnish the pretext which the EMPEROR's “tact” perceives to be required by the “tendency of opinion” in the present day, for the *revendication* (not by force) of Savoy and Nice. Prussia is urged to extend her dominions in Germany that she may furnish a similar pretext for a like process in regard to the frontier of the Rhine. There is yet another quarter in which the same game may be played. If Spain, in the process of “decom-

"position and recomposition" should happen, "under the irresistible pressure of public opinion," to "cast an eye" upon Portugal, and thus substitute a single strong monarchy for the "impotent" duality of the Peninsula, would it not be "reasonable," would it not be "just," that France, as a "compensation" and a "security" should revendicate (but not by force) Spain up to the Ebro? Could this obvious moral necessity escape the "tact" of the EMPEROR? Has he not already shown that it is present to his mind?

French publicists naturally measure the morality of other States by that of their own. They fancy Prussia must be longing to thrust her hand into her neighbours' pockets, just as they are themselves. They take it for granted that German Sovereigns must come to a Congress with hearts as insincere and designs as perfidious as those which a French diplomatist brings to a Conference of nations. But, besides this, they import their own political tastes and aspirations into the minds of people totally different in character from themselves. The "unity" which they fancy so irresistibly tempting to all the world is, in fact, tempting to themselves alone. It is a peculiarity of their own character and temperament to see the height of greatness in a nation organized like a single huge barrack under one vast and uniform oppression. The Germans belong to the nobler race—the race which inclines not to the "unity" of an enormous herd of men obeying a single driver, but to freedom of self-development and masculine independence. Germany has multiplied centres of political and intellectual life, great in their collective energy, and usefully qualifying each other by their various tendencies. What would she gain by relinquishing all these, and reducing herself to a vast expanse of soulless and lifeless provinces, forming a mere pedestal for the vanity of one overweening metropolis? It is not everybody that thinks it the summit of all happiness and grandeur to be absorbed and annihilated in the glory of Paris, as a Buddhist hopes to be absorbed and annihilated in the Divine Essence. Thoroughly French, too, is the habit of regarding confederacies as necessarily "impotent." They are comparatively "impotent" for the purposes of internal tyranny and of external aggression, which, to a Frenchman, seem the grand objects of national existence. But they are not impotent for their proper object, which is that of maintaining peace among a group of States without extinguishing their independence, and securing them all against the attacks of external enemies. Nothing could be looser, in a political point of view, or less respectable in the eyes of a French worshipper of unity, than the federal organization of the States of Holland; yet that confederacy overthrew, in defensive war, the two greatest and most centralized monarchies of Europe. The Swiss Federation can hardly be said even to possess a federal Executive, so loose is the tie between the different Cantons; yet it has held its own, and bids fair still to hold its own, against the most powerful aggressor. Any one who meddled with the territories of the United States of America would probably, in like manner, be speedily convinced that local self-government is not necessarily the source of military weakness. Prussia has no need to seek greatness by grandiose immorality. True moral greatness is within her reach. She may be the honoured chief, without being the grasping and oppressive mistress, of the great German League. She may take the lead, on behalf of Germany and humanity, in keeping the French nation within its natural boundaries, which are those of the French language and the French race. She may save a portion of a noble, moral, and free people from being absorbed into a military despotism, confounded in character with its subjects, and reduced to the same level of morality with those who inspire the *Opinion Nationale*.

THE FUSION OF THE ARMIES.

THE "owls and bats" whose "mournful hootings" disturb the serenity of careless legislators for India may console themselves for their obscure place in the animal creation by turning over a file or two of the *Times*. With all our experience of the levity of newspaper writers, we were not prepared for the outrageous discrepancy between the ordinary treatment of military topics by the leading London journal and the articles it has devoted during the last fortnight to the amalgamation of the local Indian army with the QUEEN'S forces. Whence comes, we should like to know, the general uneasiness respecting a measure in itself abstractedly desirable, but from that distrust of the War Department, in all its branches, which the *Times* has shown such unwearied industry in diffusing ever since the Crimean

War? Is J. O. a dog that the leading-article writer should do this thing? Has Mr. RUSSELL damned the national honour for nothing that his employers should pay this incredible compliment to the Executive of the army? The Horse Guards and the War Office cannot invent or practise commonly decent methods of administration—therefore double their duties. Their disposal of patronage is subservient where it is not corrupt—therefore make an enormous addition to it, and let it be bestowed in a field entirely beyond the ken of English public opinion. Their government of the army is so wasteful that every man costs 500*l.* a-year—therefore give them a standing excuse for as much expenditure as they please, and an unlimited power of drawing on the exchequer of India. The English Commissariat broke down utterly in Russia—let its system be extended to the Indian Commissariat, which never failed in any single particular. Promotion in England has always gone by connexion and money—give its apologists the absolute control of a service which is founded on elevation by seniority and merit. The horse is foundered—clap a second rider on its back. The house is tottering—give a ball on the first-floor.

Those who, like ourselves, have never believed entirely in the corruption and incapacity of the military authorities, may be expected to look on the fusion of the armies with somewhat less alarm than permanent military malcontents. But, unless Mr. ROEBUCK'S theory be the true one, that the more a man knows of India the less he is to be trusted on Indian subjects, the immense preponderance of Indian opinion against the proposed step ought to make its most confident advocates hesitate. Properly speaking, there is no Indian opinion whatever in favour of it. There is not even that conflict of judgment which the *Times*, then in the see-saw stage, was enlarging upon a few weeks ago. It is true that Lord CLYDE and Sir WILLIAM MANSFIELD, with a few other persons entitled to be heard on the point, have strongly advised the amalgamation; but all the authorities of this stamp allow that, previously to the disturbance among the Company's Europeans, they were for maintaining a local army, but have had their view changed by the occurrence which they call a mutiny. Now the character of the mis-called mutiny is perfectly ascertainable from the Blue-book published last Tuesday, and we in England, though we cannot sit in judgment on the multifold considerations which lead men of Indian experience to the opinion in favour of a local army, are perfectly well able to judge for ourselves how far such an opinion, once formed, ought to be modified by the disaffection among the troops. We say, then, that the description of this effervescence as a mutiny is as bold a misnomer as ever was employed to delude the indolent and hasty. Not only had the men a grievance, but they had a legal grievance—a peculiarity which at once broadly distinguishes their case from that of the sailors who mutinied at the Nore just before they sailed to annihilate the French navy. It is quite terrible, write the Generals, to find regiments corresponding with each other, and soldiers secretly leagued in disobedience. Yes! but the question, as it presented itself to the men, was whether they were soldiers at all. The mutineers of the Nore never for a moment alleged that they had ceased to be bound by the Articles of War; but this was the very point, and far from an idle one, which was taken by the Company's Europeans. Those who know these troops best assert that they might have been overworn with fatigue, put on quarterations, and drilled to exhaustion, without a thought of resistance crossing their brain; but they were overcome by the persuasion that they had the law on their side. It always is so with Englishmen; and we don't believe for an instant that any amount of discipline, though it involve an infinity of stiff cravats and an eternity of position-drill, will ever make a born Englishman amenable to his superior when he takes his stand on a point of law. The Generals, having probably made up their minds that there was "nothing in the point," could see only wicked insubordination in the movement. But officers in supreme command are not the best judges of circumstances like these. They don't like such things to occur in their time, and feel them almost as a personal injury to themselves. Moreover, they were too near the danger, which was, for a while, undoubtedly serious. We will not insult Lord CLYDE and Sir WILLIAM MANSFIELD by comparing them with the European denizens of Calcutta, but there is no degree of sense or courage which will exempt a man from the tendency to overrate the criminality of persons who have exposed him to serious peril.

The vote of Monday is of course conclusive as to the Parliamentary success of Sir CHARLES WOOD'S Bill. Not but that its ultimate fate might be very insecure if it were of a nature to call for long debate. We have not forgotten the great majority in favour of Lord PALMERSTON'S original scheme for the extinguishment of the East India Company, and how it dwindled and dwindled, in the course of discussion, till at last a Palmerstonian House of Commons would only consent to the abolition of the old Government on condition that it should be replaced by a bad copy of itself. The objections to the assumption of direct authority over India by the House of Commons do not arise from its imperviousness to argument, but from the circumstance that Indian questions require peculiarly careful examination, which, being at once dull and unfamiliar, they will very rarely have the advantage of receiving. By placing a subject of the utmost gravity before the House in such a manner as to invite the least possible discussion, a reckless Indian Minister may always make sure of obtaining its consent by a sort of *coup de main*. Sir CHARLES WOOD has had one of these successes, for the House, glad to escape from a long course of distasteful debates, has in effect thrown him back his measure, and bids him carry it out on his own responsibility. He is not celebrated for his diffidence, or he might be supposed to feel not a little uncomfortable at the undertaking he has on his hands. Unsupported by any public opinion in England except the shallowest and most superficial, and so little seconded by Indian sentiment that he has had to commit what seems to us a gross illegality for the purpose of neutralizing the combined opposition of his Council, he has engaged, for the first time in the history of the world, to govern an immensely distant and vitally important dependency by a moveable army. The same Roman legions seem to have been stationed for centuries in the same quarters; but England is now proceeding *regere imperio populos*, by an army constantly journeying from one side of the globe to the other. One great fraction is to be in England; another is to be in India; and a third, scarcely less in magnitude, is to be perpetually sailing round the Cape of Good Hope. Of course one set of quarters will be perpetually tending to drain away more than its share of men from the other; and, in the present state of Europe and Asia, it is not easy to say whether there is more imminent danger in emptying England for an Indian object or in suddenly carrying off the bulk of the European troops from India for service in some Continental campaign. The last is the more probable eventuality; and its likelihood explains why Anglo-Indian "owls and bats" are afraid of a project which threatens to leave India half-garrisoned, at the same time that it takes the expenses of European wars out of the Indian exchequer.

THE NEAPOLITAN CONSTITUTION.

THE audacious meanness of the grant of a Neapolitan Constitution may possibly embarrass the friends of the Italian cause. It is true that no man, in or out of Naples, believes in the sincerity of the KING, who may perhaps have secured beforehand an express dispensation for perjury, instead of trusting to the large Papal indulgence which always covered his father's falsehoods and cruelties. The Liberal leaders assuredly hope nothing from Royal promises; but they may possibly desire to use the dynasty as an instrument for maintaining the separate political existence of the Kingdom. The Monarchy which was long the most popular and powerful in Italy may be unwilling to accept the supremacy of Piedmont; and some theorists may even persuade themselves that a division into two Sovereignities will not be incompatible with national regeneration. A year ago, much might have been said in favour of Neapolitan independence if the Government had possessed sufficient prudence or spirit to identify itself with the cause of Italy. At the present day, separation means disunion, contingent hostility, and a constant opening for the arms or policy of unfriendly foreigners. Having already lost Sicily, Naples is in no position to stand alone, even if the State were internally as thoroughly united as Piedmont. It is impossible that a Constitutional Government should maintain itself against the intrigues of the Royalists, under the cold disapprobation of the rest of Italy. There would be a Papal faction, a French faction, a Republican faction, incessantly conspiring; and all sections of malcontents might from time to time unite with one another, relying on the discontent of the city rabble and of the old Royal army.

Judicious Neapolitan patriots long since satisfied themselves that the expulsion of the BOURBONS was the indispensable condition of freedom or improvement. The opportunity of enjoying a temporary show of power, and of effecting a few nominal reforms, ought not to turn them aside at the present crisis from the paramount object of dethroning the dynasty. Even if the present wearer of the Crown were sufficiently recommended by his incapacity, the maintenance of a separate kingdom involves the risk, at no distant period, of some MURAT or LEUCHTENBERG pretender, who would be supported by all the power of France. It is only in one great Italian monarchy that there will be no room for foreign usurpation. For this reason the Imperial journalists and pamphleteers of Paris protest with equal vehemence against national organization in Italy and in Germany. As long as there are petty Principalities under the dominion of unpopular rulers, French bayonets and universal suffrage may at any moment suppress all independence and freedom.

It is unfortunate that GARIBALDI has thought it necessary to precipitate the annexation of Sicily by the use of the same questionable machinery which has already, in its exercise at Nice, deprived him of an Italian birthplace. Universal suffrage can neither strengthen nor undo the title which is derived from his own achievements, and from the voice of the population. The new-fangled device, though it may carry out his immediate purpose in Sicily, may at any moment be turned against the cause of freedom and justice. It is impossible to anticipate the vote which might be given by the peasantry of Calabria or the Abruzzi; and even now the numerical majority in the capital would probably proclaim the absolute sovereignty of FRANCIS II. A vote organized by MAZZINI in favour of a Republic would probably overthrow the fabric of Italian independence; and, at the best, universal suffrage can only confirm GARIBALDI'S existing power of disposing of the destinies of Sicily.

The annexation itself, forced on against GARIBALDI'S former opinion, will bring his enterprise prematurely within the baleful influence of French diplomacy. There is little use in addressing notes of remonstrance to Palermo, while at Turin Count CAVOUR may shrug his shoulders in disclaimer of all responsibility when he is exhorted to save the King of NAPLES from destruction. When Sicily is once amalgamated, the liberating Dictator sinks back into the position of a mere Governor, or perhaps of a mutinous Sardinian subject. If he pursues his enterprise on the mainland, he will lose the services of the Sicilian army which he is creating, and once more he will have to commence the career of a private adventurer, as if he had only yesterday landed at Marsala. The insolent counsels of France will be urged with additional energy at Turin, and perhaps it will be thought necessary to interfere for the protection of the injured King of NAPLES. Down to the present time, it seems that the Government of Turin has resisted the pressure of the French Ambassador, by declining to interfere for the protection of the falling Neapolitan dynasty. The project of an Italian Federation was, even at the conclusion of the Austrian war, with good reason regarded as an unseasonable attempt to perpetuate the weakness and dependence of the Peninsula. The renewal of the scheme under present circumstances can only be regarded as an insulting absurdity. A federal relation which included only three potentates would in itself be a questionable contrivance, and when the characters and positions of the proposed partners are taken into consideration, their union would present strange anomalies. The POPE, who would be the nominal head of the League, has excommunicated the KING who would be its practical leader for occupying provinces which would be guaranteed by both; and Sicily, which is claimed by Naples as a part of itself, is on the point of being annexed to Piedmont. The meaning of a Federal alliance would simply consist in the renunciation of the prospect of Italian unity; and the only motive by which it can be even ostensibly recommended is to be found in the ambitious jealousy of France. Imperial pamphleteers still continue to impress upon VICTOR EMMANUEL the belief that, of all his recent acquisitions, he holds Lombardy alone by a sufficient title. The annexation of Tuscany and of Romagna has never yet been recognised at the Tuileries; and it must be admitted that Central Italy derives its freedom only from the national act and will, instead of relying on the condescending benevolence of a foreign patron.

The best solution of the Neapolitan difficulty would be found in the deposition of the KING and his family by the Assembly which is about to be summoned. It is impossible

that a Constitutional Government should maintain a neutral position towards the conqueror of Sicily. GARIBALDI will insist on a recognition of the independence of the island, and he will also require strong guarantees for the adhesion of Naples to an Italian policy. None of the objects which he has in view will be attained as long as the KING possesses any portion of substantial power; and, on the other hand, it seems useless to maintain a dynasty which can never be trusted with the exercise of its functions. According to the latest accounts, the inhabitants of the capital received the Constitution and the three-coloured flag with significant indifference. A portion of the mob celebrated the occasion by an attack on the police, or possibly the agents of the Government themselves originated a disturbance which ended in destroying the written record of their crimes. It is probable that an active party is in correspondence with GARIBALDI, but no decisive step can be taken until the patriotic leaders have ascertained the disposition of the army. The only generals whose names are known to the world, have long been identified with the fallen tyranny; but perhaps they may not be indisposed to redeem their error by deserting a losing cause. In 1848, the army was indifferent between despotism and Constitutional Government, until the KING found it convenient to violate his oath and his honour. If the officers of the present day prove equally compliant, the Piedmontese forces will be competent to take precautions against a future resumption of their allegiance to the absolute KING. It will be better that Naples should be liberated without civil war and bloodshed, but the work will remain unaccomplished as long as a Bourbon KING is on the throne. The withdrawal of recognition from the agent of the former Duke of TUSCANY, forms but a slight instalment of the concessions by which the despairing tyrant will have to purchase even the contemptuous forbearance of Sardinia. It would save trouble, and spare some superstitious remorse, to abdicate instead of becoming an accomplice in the schismatic spoliation of the POPE. If the Parliament of Naples has sufficient courage to imitate the example of England in 1688, the annexation to Northern Italy will be a simpler and safer solution than the substitution of WILLIAM of ORANGE for JAMES II.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO CANADA.

BEFORE Saturday next, the Prince of WALES will have departed on his graceful and by no means unimportant mission to Canada. He will, no doubt, go charged to express, with the warmth which the good feeling of the Canadians towards this country so well deserves, the affectionate regard of her MAJESTY for that noble portion of her dominions; and he will find, in the most thoroughly English of all our colonies, a truly English welcome and the response of truly English hearts. In addition to the sentiments of the QUEEN, he may safely undertake to convey to the Canadians the sincere sympathy and warm interest of the English nation. Great in herself, England is doubly great in the nations of which she has had the happiness to become the parent, and of which, if one has unfortunately parted from her side in anger, the rest are still united to her in the bond of a free and affectionate connexion, and destined, we may hope, one day to pass, by an amicable transition, into the higher and more responsible state of perfect independence. Ominous as affairs may appear in Europe, we do not believe that the star of Old England is yet near its setting. But, if disaster should come, half England will still be placed beyond its reach. Other empires, when they arrived at the time marked out for them by destiny, have died, and left no relics of themselves behind. Ours would survive itself in its offspring, and, defying fate and mortality, be still great from the rising to the setting sun. It is in vain that our rivals and enemies mark our weak points, gloat over the fancied symptoms of decay, and predict our approaching fall. The fall of the parent will not suffice unless the children can be slain with the same blow. Lay London in ashes, and the spirit of St. Stephen's and Westminster Hall will remain unscathed from Sydney to Toronto—it will remain and win back the world. Quench the glory of England—other Englands will survive to witness, that if their foundress was neither exempt from the vices which attend Imperial destinies, nor from the common fate which seems to await Imperial greatness, she was not actuated only by the vulgar lust of dominion, and that her spirit was not ungenerous nor her aims low. We have long given up not only the attempt, but the desire, to make our colonies subservient to the petty purposes of commercial monopoly.

We cannot expect them to add directly to our military strength—on the contrary, it may with reason be argued that the dispersion of our forces over the world which their defence requires is the main cause of our military weakness. We have come to regard them as what they truly are—portions of the greatness of the Anglo-Saxon race, and portions of that greatness which are nobler and purer than the rest, because they are untainted by selfish ambition, unalloyed by the memory of wrong, unstained by blood. These are the works of liberty. It is in vain that despotism endeavours to emulate them. It may conquer, but it cannot colonize; it may found dependencies, and govern them through its viceroys, but it cannot found and train to maturity a free nation. France may point to one great colony. It is a colony which, founded by the most powerful and illustrious of her Kings, languished under his sway and that of his successor, and was inspired with vigour and vitality only when PITT and WOLFE transferred it to a foreign, but a more generous, rule. The Prince of WALES will see a French population amounting to about three-quarters of a million, living, as his mother's subjects, under the free institutions of England, in comparative tranquillity and contentment, while France herself has plunged from revolution to revolution, only to end in a second military despotism worse than the first. France dreams only of adding to her greatness by accessions of territory, to be acquired through military aggression on her neighbours. England can deliberately look forward to the day when loss of territory will add to her greatness, by raising her colonies into sister and confederate nations.

After traversing Canada, and inaugurating the great monument of her rising wealth and power, the PRINCE will put off his character as the representative of her MAJESTY, and pay a visit to the United States. May the presence of the descendant of GEORGE III. as a friend and guest help to heal the old, but still rankling wound, which the folly of his ancestor and his ancestor's Ministers inflicted! The utmost period of human life has more than elapsed since that fatal quarrel; and the last man who fought in the War of Independence on either side—who suffered by, or was responsible for, the Stamp Act or the abrogation of the Charter of Massachusetts—has long been in his grave. The evil policy which then guided English councils—which guided the councils of all Imperial nations in that age—has been buried with the past. English statesmen and English writers have a thousand times acknowledged the wrong that was done, not by the English nation, but by an arbitrary King, a corrupt Ministry, and a Parliament which was not the representative of the people. In place of the insignificant traffic which the statesmen of the last century struggled, with petty covetousness, to fetter and monopolize, there has sprung up, under the genial influence of unchartered freedom, a mighty trade, not only linking the two nations together, but making the prosperity of each absolutely essential to that of the other. We are, in blood, in language, in religion, in all the highest elements of nationality, but two portions of the same people, and the great intellects of England rule where the English Crown rules no more. Yet England and America are not friends—or, if they are, their friendship is hidden deep in their hearts, and masked by the outward appearance of jealousy and dislike. We care not to analyze the causes of this state of things. The unhappy bickerings which from time to time arise out of our proximity as Imperial Powers on the American Continent have greatly contributed to keep it alive. Some of the blame must be borne by English demagogues, who, holding up American institutions for the imitation of a community to whose social condition they are wholly unsuited, provoke expressions of inconsiderate antipathy against the institutions themselves and the nation to which they belong. Satirical writers, painting American society with the unavoidable one-sidedness of caricature, and forgetting that a young commercial nation cannot at once rival the polish which the social aristocracy of old nations has attained after ages of barbarism, have left envenomed arrows in the side of American self-respect. The surface of American politics, which is their worst part, has alone met our eyes, and habituated us to speak with somewhat shallow contempt of a system under which an Empire has grown to greatness in the brief space of three generations. If the Prince of WALES can do anything towards the production of a kinder feeling between the nations, he will have rendered thus early in life a great service to the State and to the English race.

There are few Englishmen who do not most sincerely wish that such may be the result of his expedition.

The PRINCE is beginning public life early in representing the QUEEN on this occasion. He is only in his nineteenth year; and on his return from America he is to resume his studies at Oxford, and afterwards at Cambridge. Will not the coolness of his youthful head be rather severely tried by the incense of loyalty—that incense whose overpowering fumes give Kings only too much right to be destitute of common sense? He must remember that the Sovereign whom he represents is the principal object of the enthusiasm which will attend his progress, and that, so far as he is himself its object, it is the expression of affectionate expectations which it must be the aim of his life as a man and a Sovereign to fulfil. It is, perhaps, not a bad thing, as far as his future academical career is concerned, that he should at once put his education to some use, and learn that his studies are, or ought to be, not a mere boyish task, but a real preparation for the world. Public action is probably the best antidote to those corrupting and degrading influences which beset the youth of Princes. It is indolence, joined to passion and opportunity, that has too often made the history of an heir-apparent one of family misery and personal disgrace. It is hard enough for one to whom the highest honour and boundless wealth come without effort, who can never feel the bracing effects of struggling with early difficulties, or the salutary influences of equal friendship, to be on a level in all points of character with other men; but his best chance is an early familiarity with the real duties and responsibilities of his high place in life. The PRINCE must see how it fares in the present age with Royalty unsupported by personal merit. He may observe that the *Candide* of VOLTAIRE's story might again sup with six throneless Kings. He must perceive that of him, too, an effort will be required, if he is to transmit, as he will receive, a secure and honoured throne. We augur well of his expedition. He goes under the auspices of a Colonial Minister deservedly popular in the colonies as the consistent friend of a liberal and generous system of Administration. His own demeanour, if it is in Canada what it is in England, will certainly lose no hearts. May his voyage be prosperous, his mission successful, and his return safe and happy!

THE CHINESE WAR ESTIMATE.

THE enormous estimate of 3,800,000*l.* for the Chinese war inadequately represents even the liabilities which have been actually incurred. At this moment, the account could not be wound up under 5,000,000*l.*, and every day is necessarily adding to the irretrievable outlay. The smaller estimate may probably be explained by the routine method of bringing expenses to account; but the Government will have to provide a much larger sum before the issue of the next Budget. It is difficult to understand the blind determination of sacrificing two or three millions of revenue on the eve of so great an exceptional expenditure. At the beginning of the present session, the demand for the sum which Parliament will soon have to vote might have been already foreseen; nor is it probable that so active a mind as Mr. GLADSTONE's can have failed to occupy itself with the mode in which additional supplies were to be provided. The scale of the expedition, the probable cost of transport, the demand for warlike stores, were known to the Government, and the preparations must have been paid for, even if the Court of Peking had at once accepted the terms offered by the Allies. The postponement of the supplemental financial arrangements might have been unobjectionable if the original Budget had not involved the abandonment of a considerable revenue, but the House of Commons actually pledged itself to large reductions of taxation while it was still in ignorance of the wants of the State. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER calculated justly on the ability and willingness of Parliament to cover all the national outgoings, but he has cut off, without notice, the resources which might have been found in duties on wine, on spirits, and on foreign manufactures, excepting, since the vote of the House of Lords, the vexed article of paper. It may be said, with some plausibility, that the House of Commons ought to have foreseen the expense of the China expedition, but the principal responsibility in matters of finance necessarily rests on the Minister. It is neither popular nor easy to urge upon the Crown an excess of revenue beyond its official requirements.

Proposals for increased taxation will undoubtedly be re-

ceived with jealousy and disfavour. The Excise and Customs duties which remain are so heavy in amount that a further rate of charge might, in many cases, produce no proportional addition to the revenue. Sixteen millions from spirits and tobacco can scarcely be exceeded, and the eleven millions which are derived from tea, coffee, and sugar are only raised by the maintenance of an amount of duty which had previously been marked out for reduction. Malt, which produces between five and six millions, might perhaps have been loaded with an additional burden if the French Treaty had not furnished a special reason for maintaining a fair competition between beer and light foreign wines. On the whole, it may be said that the China Budget can scarcely be based on any new impost on commodities. The stamps, including Probate and Succession duties, contribute eight millions to the revenue, and it would be difficult to increase the amount by any new adjustment of the system. In the three millions arising from assessed taxes there is a gross and permanent anomaly, inasmuch as all houses below 20*l.* rental are exempted from contribution. No more equitable impost could be devised than an extension of the duty downwards, but it is a sufficient objection that nine-tenths of the borough electors live in tax-free houses. An additional charge on horses, carriages, and similar articles of luxury would probably be found unproductive, as it would certainly be oppressive. In short, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER may arrive, by a smooth and easy process of elimination, at the conclusion that he must once more resort to the Income-tax. Perhaps he may have been thinking of the present contingency when he referred, in different portions of his Budget speech, to the arithmetical symmetry of a shilling in the pound. With an extra twopence, producing 2,200,000*l.*, he might probably find himself in a position, considering the elasticity of the ordinary revenue, to provide for the official estimate of the Chinese expenses. His former additions to the tax have been accepted with a complacency or passiveness which may not improbably encourage a sanguine disposition to try a further experiment on the House of Commons. Yet the arguments against such a measure are numerous and weighty, nor, in the present temper of the House, do they seem unlikely to prevail.

The worst feature in the tax, as it has recently been levied, consists in the frequent variation of the rate. From 1842 to the outbreak of the Russian war, the percentage was sevenpence in the pound; and if the same rate had been continued for some years longer, almost all the inequalities of assessment would have corrected themselves by the mere lapse of time. Since 1854, the tax has been fourteenpence, sixteenpence, sevenpence, fivepence, ninepence, and finally tenpence. In all the changes Mr. GLADSTONE has taken an active part, even when he was not officially responsible for the increase or reduction. An undue burden has consequently been repeatedly imposed on precarious incomes, and a loss to the revenue to a larger amount has probably been incurred through the artificial temptations which have been offered to fraud. If a further twopence is added to the tax, evasions will become still more frequent, and almost all classes will be irritated by the belief that the tax is unfairly imposed. In the course of the session, Mr. GLADSTONE's imprudent language has furnished additional reasons against any sweeping resort to direct taxation. The possessors of property and the recipients of comfortable incomes have not been conciliated by invidious comparisons of the incidence of direct and indirect taxation.

An additional Income-tax can only be defended on the ground that there is no alternative, and that it is necessary or right to defray the China outlay from the public revenue. It may be admitted that fresh duties on commodities are scarcely practicable, and it is certain that in ordinary cases a remote Eastern war furnishes no sufficient justification for a loan. Nevertheless, it may for once be more advisable to borrow five millions than to increase the present extraordinary amount of taxation. The Imperial policy of France, though perhaps it may not be a transient evil, has imposed upon England the necessity of armaments which have never been previously maintained in time of peace. A considerable portion of the army and navy estimates may probably represent a permanent charge on the revenue, but the cost of preparation and of material by sea and land will, it may be hoped, admit of reduction hereafter. There is no imprudence in charging to the capital account any outlay which occurs once for all, and the additions to the Debt which Mr. GLADSTONE has effected within the present year might have admitted of a plausible justification if they had not been associated with a

sacrifice of revenue. Notwithstanding the re-borrowing of a million in Exchequer bonds and the anticipation of the malt and hop credits, and of a portion of the Income-tax, the burdens which the tax-payer has to bear are almost unprecedentedly great, and the demand for additional payments on account of China would be grievous and unseasonable. As the grant for fortifying the dockyards will render a loan inevitable, there might be economy as well as convenience in covering the Chinese deficit by the aid of the same operation. It is not improbable that similar considerations may have occurred to the majority of the Cabinet, and that the dissensions which have arisen may account for the rumours of Mr. GLADSTONE's possible retirement. The extravagant speech of Thursday night will not fail to revive the uncertainty, although Mr. GLADSTONE himself seems to have been wholly unconscious that he was defying his colleagues and answering the speech of his leader. It is highly desirable that any proposal which may be laid before the House of Commons should proceed from a united Government. A single-handed Budget is a sufficient achievement for one session, and reliance on the collective wisdom of the Ministry is, in the long run, more satisfactory than admiration for the ability of an individual. If the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will for once consent to be overruled by his colleagues, his characteristic earnestness will soon enable him to vindicate with triumphant enthusiasm the course which he may have previously ridiculed and denounced. His apology for a loan cannot be more inconsistent with his former declarations than the recommendation of a tenpenny Income-tax in 1860 after his withering denunciation of sevenpence in 1858.

RUSSIA.

THE foreign policy of France has lately appeared so dangerous, and the EMPEROR has created such profound distrust of the use to which he will put the power he has obtained, that Englishmen have very naturally begun to regret having contributed to place Europe at the mercy of an adventurer. No doubt the Crimean war gave a great lift to LOUIS NAPOLEON. It enabled him to reap all the benefits of associating with England and all the benefits of eclipsing her. It taught the French to hope that he knew the invaluable secret of managing an ally so as to get the best of the alliance. It opened the door for endless private intrigues, and encouraged the notion that peace or war depended on his will. This was all very pleasant for him, but it is not pleasant for us to look back on; and so the Crimean war is often voted a mistake in England. It cost us a great many men and a great many millions of money; and as labourers are scarce, and the Income-tax is heavy, we feel all the evil of the war very distinctly. Whatever good it may have done us, on the other hand, is almost wholly negative, and therefore unfelt. We are relieved from the pressure of Russia on Europe; but this is only what we think our due, and no one is thankful when wrong things are merely set right. Disapprobation of the war has even gone so far as to induce a vague belief that Russia was not in the least injured by the great struggle, and that she is now as rich, honoured, and powerful as ever. This, at least, is demonstrably untrue. Whether the Crimean war was worth its cost to England is a matter of opinion, but the present state of Russia is a matter of fact. The change that has come over the affairs of Russia may be estimated from the simple circumstance that last year she tried to borrow twelve millions of money and had to take up five millions of the loan herself, and that she is now endeavouring in vain to float a loan in the London market on terms which would be thought quite satisfactory if offered by Brazil. The reason is that the war was an overwhelming trial for a young country. An expenditure that is nothing more than a cause of grumbling to an old and rich country like England, is serious to a country that has just begun to accumulate wealth and open trade on a large scale. Commercial stability, Government credit, and private fortunes were all shaken to their foundations in Russia by the severity of the shock of a war against two rich and strong countries. The suffering, the harassing anxiety, the sense of oppressive calamity which the Crimean war has entailed on hundreds and thousands of Russian families are beyond the conception of a nation which has never known the real horrors of war. In the thinly populated districts where agriculture affords the sole means of subsistence, the chief source of distress has arisen from the fearful consumption of the lives of men and beasts in the war; and

how fearful that consumption was may be judged from the fact that one regiment left Moscow a thousand strong and marched into Sebastopol with eleven men. But in the towns ruin has followed ruin, and the commercial population has had to contend with an almost entire destruction of credit and an enormous increase of taxation.

The war also seems to have lessened the prestige and impaired the power of the Central Government. There is a hesitation, an in consequence, and a fruitless declaration of ineffective wishes in the Court of St. Petersburg, which is something new there. One of the best fruits of the war was supposed to be the emancipation of the serfs. We had the satisfaction of thinking we had blessed our enemies, and brought liberty in one hand if we held the sword in the other. But somehow the emancipation seems at a standstill. There is no open opposition. Some of the nobility approve, and some disapprove, but no one positively refuses to obey the CZAR. At the same time, the emancipation has now sunk into the stage where nothing is done at present, and hopes are relegated to a very uncertain future. We are told that emancipation is really going to begin in the autumn of this year, and are assured that this time there is to be no mistake. But no one seems to have spirit to do anything at once. So, too, the peace was to be inaugurated with a great concession to the liberty of the press; but the press is much where it was. Remarks are tolerated on England and France, for they hurt nobody; but no point of domestic policy is even submitted to discussion. The Government has no clear line, and does not guide its subjects. There have also been instances lately where high office has been refused on the ground that those to whom it was offered did not like to mix themselves up with the Administration. The private misery has, in short, told on the conduct of public affairs; and the Russians behave like the dispirited subjects of a beaten Empire. They are not, of course, humiliated by the military results of the war, for the credit of their resistance was quite as great as the credit of our attack. But they have suffered so much that they are disheartened and uncertain; and their Government, we suspect, does not appear to them quite the grand and omnipotent thing it did. Russia is going through the moral prostration that follows a severe physical malady, and would be profoundly astonished if she could comprehend that one of the adversaries who knocked her down insisted on believing that she was as strong and hearty as ever.

The effects of the war on the position of Russia in Europe are still more apparent. It is only since Sebastopol was taken that Prussia has begun to breathe freely. The influence of the Emperor NICHOLAS and of Russia in the States of North Germany was not unlike the influence of the Company in the courts of the native Princes of India. The people hated the Russians, but they feared even more than they hated them, and a large portion of the aristocracy actually prided themselves on being the slaves of Russia. That free institutions are possible in Germany is owing to the Crimean war, and nearly as much may be said of Italy. It is understood that Russia cannot afford a war, and will not undertake one unless it is absolutely forced on her, whereas, in the days of the Emperor NICHOLAS, it was supposed that the great desire of Russia was to find an opportunity of showing her strength. Now, when Russia threatens to withdraw her representative from Turin because Count CAVOUR is suspected of encouraging GARIBOLDI, the announcement attracts little more attention than the threat to the same effect that proceeds from Spain. Russia is only one among the nations that Count CAVOUR has to reckon with, and by no means one of the most important. She is no longer the great protectress of despotism, ordering the ends of the earth to bear patiently their native tyranny on pain of her displeasure. Nowhere, perhaps, is the difference more felt than in Hungary. The Crimean war not only made Russia generally unwilling to interfere, but it specially alienated her from Austria, who forsook her, as she thought, in the day of her adversity. The Hungarians, therefore, have only their old enemies, the HAPSBURGs, to settle matters with; and although we hope they will be content with security and freedom, and not separate from Austria, yet it is a great thing that they should have a fair field to fight in, if fighting must come, and they probably would not get anything at all if Austria could rely on Russia. In the East, Russia must always be powerful. An empire with sixty millions of Christian inhabitants, and a frontier so comparatively close to Constantinople, must be very influential with the Porte. But the issue of Prince GORTSCHAKOFF'S

recent attempt to assert Russian supremacy has reminded Turks and Christians that Russia is only one among other great States, and is an enemy that may be encountered and beaten. In itself, the Crimean war seems to us a decided success. The object was to cripple Russia, and thus lessen her political influence. She is crippled very seriously, and her political influence is palpably lessened. It is said that we have lost more than we have gained, for we have taken political influence from Russia to give it to France. This is a very difficult point to decide, but we may observe that, as one principal effect of the Crimean war has been to increase the number and importance of the free neighbours of France, the result has, so far at least, been clearly in favour of the country that is at the head of European liberty, and not of Imperialism.

RIFLE PRACTICE.

FORTUNE has been most propitious to the Rifle Association, and to all who are interested, either as competitors or spectators, in the success of the first national shooting match since the days of bows and arrows. As a mere matter of comfort and effect, it was a very satisfactory thing to have a fine day for the Hyde Park Review. But at Wimbledon everything depended on the weather, and the best shots in the world might have been foiled by a storm of wind and rain. The QUEEN's proverbial good fortune gave her a perfect day for her first essay in rifle shooting, and though the Royal shot which opened the ceremony had been well taken care of by previous preparation, it was not the least significant part of the performances. The art of the manufacturer of the improved arms of modern times is more wonderful than any skill which has been displayed in the use of them, and in the QUEEN's shot we have a public manifestation of what one of our best rifles, when properly pointed, may be made to do. The ball, fired from a distance of 400 yards, is said to have struck within an inch and a half of the centre of the bull's-eye. WILLIAM TELL's mythical apple feat is at last outdone by a weapon which can be depended on to hit an orange at a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile. Such a mark would of course be invisible at so considerable a range, and Mr. WHITWORTH may be congratulated on having brought his rifles to a degree of perfection which, surpassing as it does the powers of the eye itself, is, for all practical purposes, incapable of improvement.

To those who had any familiarity with the weapon, the powers of a first-rate rifle were familiar enough, and the chief interest of the meeting consisted in the test it afforded of the aptitude which the Volunteers had acquired in its use. A soldier who can with tolerable certainty seal the fate of any single enemy at a distance of 200 or 300 yards would be a far more formidable opponent than the average rank and file of our own or any foreign army, and most of the Volunteers who have entered the competition have attained to this measure of skill. But considering that the competitors were picked men from a force of 120,000, and that the weather was so eminently favourable, the practice cannot be considered to have been first-rate. Some allowance should be made for the perversity of the authorities who supplied the competitors with ammunition which did not fit the regulation barrels, but even with this drawback there can be no doubt that the shooting would have been much better if the great mass of the Volunteers had not been without the opportunity of previous practice. The theorists of Hythe maintain that they can make a recruit a first-rate shot before he has fired a round of ball cartridge, and they certainly have proved that much may be done by preliminary drill, and, indeed, that no first-rate practice can be made without it. But the Wimbledon meeting has proved what no one of common sense could doubt—that a man who is in the habit of shooting will beat any one who competes with him on the strength of theory alone.

In the contest for the Volunteer prizes, the most successful competitors have come from country districts, where no difficulty has been found in obtaining suitable ranges. The prizes for all comers have produced better practice than the Volunteers could show, and the only Englishmen who have beaten the delegates of the Swiss clubs are a well known and well practised amateur and a soldier of the Royal Marines. The Volunteers, with the exception of those who had previously made rifle-shooting their pastime, were completely beaten in the open struggle. This is no discredit to men so utterly unpractised as most of them must have been, but it should be taken as a warning that the full efficiency of our

national force will never be attained until the facilities for practice are much greater than have been enjoyed during the present year. We observe that the *Times* is most impressive in urging upon all Volunteers the duty of steady practice with the splendid arm which has been placed in their hands. The exhortation is perhaps scarcely needed in the case of those who are able to attend to it, as any one who lives in the neighbourhood of the butt of the Victoria Rifles may discover from the incessant practice which goes on from sunrise to sunset. But to most of the metropolitan corps it is a mockery to talk of the importance of rifle practice, when some ten or twenty shots in a year are about as much as they have on the average an opportunity of firing.

Whatever may have been the cause of the neglect with which this important part of the Volunteer machinery has been treated, the Wimbledon meeting will, it may be hoped, stimulate some additional exertion before it is too late. The address which the Rifle Association presented to Her MAJESTY declared their object to be to establish rifle shooting as a national pastime, and to make the rifle what the bow was in the days of the PLANTAGENETS—the familiar weapon of those who stand forth in the defence of their country. Similar ends must be brought about by similar means, and it would be well to remember that the PLANTAGENETS naturalized the long-bow by compelling every parish in the country to maintain a butt at the common expense. Something less than this may serve now, and without throwing the burden either upon local rates or the Consolidated Fund, the required butts may be had if only reasonable facilities are given to those who are willing to pay for them. But by some means good practice ranges must be brought within easy reach of all our Volunteers, or the army which has been called forth by the enthusiasm of the present year will decline and perish in course of time as surely as a plant withers for want of its appropriate nourishment. Rifle practice is the food with which the Volunteering spirit must be sustained if it is to be anything more than a temporary manifestation of patriotism. It will not easily die even under discouragement, but sooner or later it must give way for want of its natural support. Starve it, and it will dwindle away. Feed it, and it will thrive and grow until we shall have an army that will entitle us to laugh at all threats from abroad and all anxiety at home. Still, time is precious—the movement is in its young days yet, and a check now may be fatal to its progress. We have urged this point again and again, because it is so clearly the vital condition of the permanent existence of the Volunteer organization.

An impression seems to have prevailed in some quarters, that the War Office authorities already possess, under the Defences Act, power sufficient to enable them to take any land that may be required for the purpose of Rifle Ranges. This may possibly be so, but it would be somewhat extraordinary that clauses framed to authorize the taking of land for dockyard fortifications should be elastic enough to be available for the purpose of Volunteer rifle grounds, which will neither be purchased with public money nor become public property. It can scarcely be supposed that the War Office considers its powers so extensive as has been supposed; for, if the means of procuring the necessary ranges had existed, it would be difficult to comprehend the apathy with which the authorities have looked on at the fruitless efforts of the London corps, carefully suppressing the fact—if fact it be—that all the difficulties which were encountered could be removed by a single word from the War Minister. It is certain that the managing committees of the different corps were allowed to remain in utter ignorance of the alleged power, or they would never have wandered to Croydon, and Richmond, and Sydenham, and Woolwich in search of ground which might have been obtained in localities much more convenient to their members. One of two things ought to be done. Either the necessary authority should be obtained from Parliament, or, if it really exists already, the fact should be made known to all concerned, and every reasonable assistance given to enable the Volunteers to make use of the powers vested in the War Office. Whatever the state of the law may be, it is essential that it should be authoritatively declared, in order that it may be applied if it is sufficient, and extended if it is not. We are glad to see that the subject has been taken up by Mr. SELWYN, one of the staunchest supporters of the Volunteer movement to be found in the House of Commons. If, as will probably be found, the existing provisions of the law are too doubtful to justify the War Office in acting upon them, the course to be taken is

clear. A short Act to enable the War Office to take land under the Defences Act, for the purpose of transferring it to Volunteer corps who may be in want of practice grounds, is the only measure which will meet the emergency; and we hope to find that Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT's answer has pledged the Government to take this course during the present session, and to act liberally upon the powers which will be so acquired.

COTTON PROSPECTS.

AN American gentleman of great respectability, Mr. W. B. LAWRENCE, of Rhode Island, who is best known in England as the editor of WHEATON'S *International Law*, has just published a pamphlet of considerable interest, in French and English, on the subject of negro slavery. Mr. LAWRENCE's production, which first appeared in Paris, and is primarily addressed to Frenchmen, is meant to induce European critics of American slavery to consider their own position in reference to it before they profess themselves eager for its immediate abolition. The official section of the Democratic party to which Mr. LAWRENCE belongs includes most of the Conservatism and nearly all the statesmanship remaining in the United States, and accordingly his pamphlet is exceedingly unlike the ordinary run of criticisms on Slavery which reach us from the United States. It is neither an extravagant panegyric nor an extravagant invective, but is exactly pitched in the tone which is most in harmony with the taste of the educated classes in this country. Indeed, it might have considerable effect on English opinion were it not that there runs through it a vein of unfriendliness to England, which is traceable partly to the traditions of the writer's party, and partly to his wish to command the more superficial sympathies of his French audience. "You Frenchmen," writes Mr. LAWRENCE, "have only had philanthropic objects in view; but permit me to remind you that England, in proposing to abolish slavery in America, has not been governed by motives entirely disinterested. Her payment of twenty millions sterling as an indemnity to her West Indian planters would have been a sacrifice of profound policy had she succeeded in transferring to her almost boundless possessions in the East the monopoly of colonial productions." This passage insinuates, without stating directly, that the abolition of slavery in the West Indies was intended to pave the way for transferring to Bengal and Bombay the market for the products now raised by slave-labour on the islands and continent of America, and that the subsequent efforts of Great Britain for the discouragement of the slave-trade have always had the same object. A more ridiculous instance of one nation misconstruing another has hardly ever fallen under our observation. Frenchmen might be excused for detecting this long-sighted policy of their perfidious neighbour, but an American might have been expected to understand men of his own race a little better. Is it entirely incredible in New York and Boston that a people of energetic workers should occasionally diversify its more prosaic occupations with intervals of the most intense sentimentalism? Americans who consider this possible, have the key to the abolitionism of Great Britain. It always was, is now, and will continue to be, entirely sentimental. No thought of national interest has, for one moment, made part of it.

Mr. LAWRENCE's pamphlet points out with simplicity and distinctness that most European countries would be singularly disinterested if they wished the immediate destruction of slavery in the Southern States of the American Union. So far as England is concerned, the facts to which he calls attention have been long before the public, though few of us disquiet ourselves greatly about dangers lying in the remote future. England imports 1,200,000,000 pounds of cotton, and 83 pounds out of every hundred come from the American Slave-States. There is at present no serious possibility of our diminishing this proportion by getting a larger quantity from India, or any other quarter; and even if we succeeded in somewhat augmenting the supply from non-American sources, the effect on the Southern States would be inappreciable. For everything promises, as Mr. LAWRENCE points out, to create in the course of the next few years an extraordinary demand for additional cotton. Every single European country has recently increased its home-manufactures, and hardly any limits can be set to the requirements of France under her new commercial system, as she already works up more raw cotton than we ourselves imported at the commencement of our fiscal

relaxations. Italy, too, is certain to augment the call on the Southern States, either as a consumer or as a manufacturer, for among the more curious results of freedom a very notable one is an instantaneous passion for clean new clothes. Meantime, the home-demand of the United States themselves is advancing with enormous strides. It follows, therefore, that cotton-production is not only a gigantic operation which could not be arrested, or even slackened, without entailing severe suffering on multitudes of persons in Europe, but it is also a process which tends to augment its rapidity exactly in the same degree in which certain of the strongest tendencies of the European world enlarge their area and sphere. Freedom and Free-trade in Europe have, incidentally, an unfortunate effect on slave-labour in America, for they stimulate its growth as they grow. The Republican party in the United States, who contend not for the abolition of slavery in the States, but against its intrusion into the Territories, are, in fact, contending against an impulse communicated to it by the ever-increasing desire of Europeans to obtain more, and ever more, raw cotton.

The arguments by which Mr. LAWRENCE endeavours to establish the impossibility of substituting free-labour for the toil of slaves, or of considerably improving the condition of the negroes, are less striking than his remarks on the general relation of European interests to the cotton supply. The examples of unsuccessful emancipation are too few, and admit of too diverse a construction, to constitute a full proof that the American blacks can never be better off than they are in the South; and the low estimation in which the free negroes are held in the Northern States indicates the prejudice against them created by Southern slavery rather than their own incapacity for freedom. Mr. LAWRENCE does not expressly combat the well-known opinions of Mr. OLMSTED, formed during his travels in Texas, respecting the superiority of free labour to that of negroes in the cultivation of cotton; but there are observations bearing on the point in many parts of this pamphlet. Mr. LAWRENCE describes the aversion of free whites in the North to the humbler kinds of severe mechanical labour; and doubtless nothing but the extraordinary inpouring of Irishmen enables the Northern States to get drudgery submitted to at all. Mr. OLMSTED found Germans labouring with great results in the Texan cotton-fields; but Germany could not probably supply more than a part even of the additional labour which is required through the excess of the proximate over the present demand for raw material. It is to be remembered, too, that cotton-planting is an operation requiring the combination of considerable capital with energetic labour. Cotton cannot be raised in the South as corn is raised in the North, by a single squatter with a family of stalwart sons. The work, when the critical seasons arrive, must be done by a great number of hands labouring together, and a plant of machinery, almost as elaborate as a manufactory, must be provided to get the fibre into a marketable state. There are, therefore, no small freeholds in the South, and it is the necessity for large capital, quite as much as the contempt of labour bred by the spectacle of slavery, which prevents the "mean whites" of the Southern States from bettering their condition. At all events, it may be feared that the substitution of the labour of whites for the labour of men of colour would, even if encouraged by favourable legislation, be a tardy and gradual process, whereas the strain on the labour actually employed which is caused by the new European demand is violent and immediate. "The true practical question for us," writes Mr. LAWRENCE, addressing the French public, "is not how to get rid of our present labourers, but how to provide for the enormous consumption which it is foreseen that just economical reforms and the independence of Italy occurring at the same time with the general peace must induce." The crop of 1857, he adds, was three millions of bales. The crop of 1859, the extent of which is only just ascertained, reaches to four millions. It is perhaps a natural demand that the European nations who have caused this enormous increase, and threaten to stimulate it indefinitely, should consider their own position in respect to slavery before they surrender themselves to theories which imply its unconditional extinguishment; but this consideration has been sufficiently attended to when we have recognised our partial responsibility, and abstained from unnecessary bitterness of language on this painful subject. We trust that Europeans will never persuade themselves, like Mr. LAWRENCE's political friends, that what is very difficult to remedy is justified by the difficulty.

CONVERSATION.

IT is said that the elder Mathews talked so much and so fast as to bring on a painful disease of the tongue. We may wonder, perhaps, why the disease is not more common. Most Frenchmen and Englishwomen, for instance, have so much to say in the short time which life allows them for saying it, that they may be very thankful if their tongues keep constantly well. But still, although talking continues without intermission in the world, conversation, in its proper sense, is said to be dying out. So in France, *causerie*, once the pride of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen—the specially French art unattainable by foreigners—is stated, by those who know Paris best, to be gradually becoming extinct. People meet and talk, but their talk is of a different kind. There is no longer the play of wit and raillery, the brilliancy, the concentration, the rapid glancing at a hundred subjects in turn which there used to be. Very naturally those who are enamoured of the literature which belongs to the times when conversation most flourished—deplore the loss which they think modern society has sustained, and some enthusiasts seem to think that by exhortations, and by a judicious system of rules, they may revive the by-gone fashion which they admire. There is something, indeed, to be said on the other side. The talk of the present day may be unduly depreciated, and the merits of the conversation of other times may be exaggerated. We talk in our way, and like it, and that is all our great-grand-parents could have done. Then it must be remembered that the art of conversation is apt to produce prodigious bores. There is no greater nuisance than when a company is set to listen while two wits, like the shepherds in the Eclogues, vie with each other in the cleverness and smartness of their sayings. Of course this is not conversation—the very essence of the art of conversation is that all present should converse, all triumph, and all be happy. But this is an ideal seldom realized, and in the attempt to realize it, the issue often is that great talkers and wits overawe, silence, and bore their friends. However, after every deduction of this kind is made, we do not pretend to doubt that conversation once flourished both in England and France in a way that is now gone by, and it may be worth while to consider what were the conditions of its success, and what is the kind of talk within the reach of modern ambition.

We cannot call it conversation when a circle is gathered together to hear one person declaim. When Samuel Coleridge or the late Lord Macaulay declaimed, the declamation was brilliant, instructive, marvellous, but it was not talk. We must include a give and take, a certain balance of power in the conversers, an ease in expressing difference as well as in nodding assent, before we come to conversation. The history of English literature supplies us with two instances of circles where conversation was really conversation. The famous Club was perhaps a little over-awed by Johnson, but the talk never passed away from Burke, Reynolds, and Goldsmith. How they talked we know in some measure from Boswell, although Boswell's partiality for Johnson makes it out that it was always the whale who spoke in the gathering of the fishes. We also know of what they talked, and how freely they discussed all kinds of subjects. The conversation of the circle to which Pope and Swift belonged has not been handed down to us, but their letters and their writings abound in allusions to it, and many of the best things they wrote were, we know, the fruit of friendly talks. The circles of Johnson and Pope conversed well, not only because they were composed of very clever men, but also because these clever men knew each other very intimately, and because they belonged almost entirely to the society in which the conversation went on. The first requisite for conversation is that a small knot of persons, having a fair amount of principles in common, should feel perfectly at ease and safe in the presence of each other, should meet very frequently, and not have their interests divided, as must be the case when each individual belongs to many other knots and cliques besides the one where he chances to be at the moment. This is the chief reason why conversation now is not what it used to be. Society is too large. Every group is only accidental. Every converser has to converse as much in twenty other places. There is no security that those who happen to be collected together will care for the same things, or that any point that may be started will have the same freshness for any two persons. Conversation has become extinct from much the same causes that have put an end to elegant letter writing—there is no one now to whom the elegant letters could be addressed. When Pope penned a string of pretty sentences he knew that it would be handed about as the last and neatest production of the wonderful Mr. Pope. But in times when a man or woman is lucky who does not receive twenty letters a day, and have to answer ten of them, the sooner a letter gets into the waste-paper basket the happier it is for all parties. We have all of us so many people to write to that we cannot much care how we write. And as society increases, and as each individual is brought into contact with a far greater number of persons with different views, opinions, and prejudices, the feeling of insecurity is increased, and a greater reluctance is entertained to say anything that might give offence. The political immaturity of the French condemns them to break up into sections at least as bitter against each other as the Whigs and Tories of the days of Queen Anne. The consequence is, that they speak much more freely. They say things and use language on which no one would venture in England. We believe that *ce fourbe et coquin* is one

of the most ordinary expressions which, as a mere matter of course, and as the expression of a fact, they apply to the head of their Government. In England even Mr. Urquhart would hardly call Lord Palmerston a rogue and rascal if he wished to remain on good terms with his company.

Another reason why conversation is dying out may be found in the dislike which at present we feel to entering on great subjects. Dr. Johnson used to express unbounded contempt for all talk that was not discussion. A subject worth talking about was the indispensable condition of talking well. Discussions on great subjects are not welcomed now-a-days. The reason of this is partly to be found in the enlargement of society to which we have just referred. But there are circumstances in the present state of opinion which contribute to the result. In order that a great subject should be a good topic of conversation, it must provoke an enthusiasm of belief or disbelief. People must have decided opinions one way or other. During the earlier part of last century, the Christian religion was much talked of, because a general disbelief in it was unreservedly expressed, while it had still sufficient hold of the public to make criticism at its expense seem pungent. In the same way, we can fancy that the existing state of the Papal Government has provoked many sallies of wit among French talkers. It does not do so among us, because, although we disbelieve in it, we are indifferent to it. But the French are sufficiently Catholic to find an enthusiasm in their disbelief of the goodness of the Pope's rule. On the other hand, a great subject will furnish a good subject of conversation, if it is enthusiastically believed in. But the mood of our day is to feel the enormous difficulty of great subjects, and we cannot have any enthusiasm of belief where we feel as much the difficulty of believing as of not believing. We have become aware how much research, what a wide concurrence of science, and learning, and reflection, and imagination it takes to hit on even a probable and temporary truth in great matters. To discuss them inadequately seems contemptible, and to discuss them adequately seems impossible; we therefore only discuss them so far as to hint at the difficulties which surround them, and this cannot lead to very brilliant conversation. Where, however, there is a strong interest in difficult subjects, and an absence of the experience that reveals difficulties, conversation, even in these days, has its charms. Perhaps no conversation is so delightful to the converser, and none possesses so many of the ingredients of the conversation of old times, as the conversation of young men at the Universities or elsewhere when their thoughts have been casually directed to the biggest possible topics. Scarcely any human enjoyment is purer or higher, and certainly none is keener, than that tasted by a small party of intelligent youths, who, at two or three in the morning, sit over tea and marmalade, or whisky and water, and flatter themselves they are making some progress towards solving the enigma of Free-will, or constructing a Philosophy of Being.

As we cannot suppose that the present mood of society will last for ever, and as it is almost certain that a time when so much is in suspense must be a transitory one, there is no reason why the impediment to conversation which arises from intellectual hesitation should not be removed. But even then conversation can scarcely flourish as of old. For although much greater subjects may come to be discussed very freely and warmly, it is not probable that society can ever altogether lose the reserve which the sense of difficulty has once imposed upon it. That human knowledge will become simplified, and that things generally will get plainer, is in the highest degree improbable. Society, too, will always keep getting larger and larger; and as new classes and types are embraced, the conversation that is to suit everybody must get more and more diluted. And if it is vain to hope that conversation will return through natural means, it is still more vain to hope to restore it through artificial means. An American book, called the *Rhetoric of Conversation*, has lately been reprinted in England, with a laudatory preface, which professes to tell us how to talk. When we come to examine the recipe, we find that the right thing is to avoid all the sins of the tongue—malice, slander, falsehood, indecency, and so forth, and to bring in entertaining anecdotes. Not only does this teach nothing whatever that is valuable, but it is directly opposed to all good conversation. In a general way, we ought undoubtedly to avoid the sins of the tongue; and it is a part of every man's private duty to take care that he is not slanderous, untrue, or indecent. But the whole difficulty consists in knowing what are the permissible limits within which slander, untruth, and indecency may be approached. The good sense of the world has long ago settled that this differs on different occasions, and that things may be said to some persons and by some persons that ought never to be mentioned to and by others. At least one-half, and probably a much larger proportion, of anecdotes that deserve to be called entertaining, are capable of being pronounced by a rigid censor to verge towards untruth or impropriety. But no sensible person thinks that no story, however slightly untrue or improper, ought ever to be told by any one to any one. It is all a question of time, place, and degree. A book which entirely omits to notice this, and proceeds on the principle that no word or sentence is ever to be uttered which an Archbishop would hesitate to utter at the bedside of a little girl in the presence of a newspaper reporter, is open to the objection which attaches to all works that aspire to instil thoroughly impracticable moral

lessons. It is of course physically possible to follow the recommendations of the teacher. A Trappist, who had a dispensation to repeat one riddle a-day from the *Boy's Own Book*, would about come up to the model, for he would never say anything malicious, slanderous, or improper, and he would bring in something occasionally that was recognised as entertaining. But, if society tried to imitate him, the end would be a reaction of a nature which we do not like to think of. The limits of conversational license cannot be expressed in words. They must be felt, and we can safely trust the good sense of honest and refined minds to indicate where they lie. Attempts to lay down rules by which conversation is to be guided only produce vague general remarks that can have no other effect than to destroy the ease and naturalness of all social discourse.

We need not trouble ourselves very much about the decay of conversation. Every age has its advantages, and an age in which conversation was energetic and brilliant, and letter-writing was very elegant, was a very good age in its way. We have made changes, as we hope, for the better, and if these changes have destroyed conversation and letter-writing, we must put up with the loss. But although the peculiar kind of conversation that once prevailed can scarcely be restored, yet there are reasons why modern conversation, such as it is, should improve. One of its greatest hindrances has been the indisposition of persons in mixed society to say what they think. But we hope we do not deceive ourselves in imagining that society gets more tolerant, or at least puts on a greater appearance of toleration, and plain speaking is sure to come more into fashion as the penalties that threatened it are removed. Then the closer proximity into which people of all classes and nations are daily brought must tend to make them more at ease with each other, and thus to weaken the force of the influences that keep apart men who are not accustomed to meet. Perhaps direct and special education may help a little, and if children are taught to speak consecutively, narrate plainly, and pronounce accurately, they must be so far forward on the road to pleasant talking. The French pay great attention to this; and every one acquainted with Parisian society must have found that the French are more familiar with the machinery of dialogue than we are. We may also look to general education for other assistance. Before education was spread at all, many persons, and especially women, were excluded from taking the amateur interest in learned and scientific subjects that is so pleasant to the person feeling it, and so stimulating to the person perceiving it. And when education was only just beginning, its first fruit was pedantic, and it was supposed that nothing but boarding-school omniscience could qualify any one to talk. Now we have got a step forward, and we know the gain and the limits of popular knowledge. The range of conversation is thus extended, while its pitch is kept at a decent level of real or ironical humility. The next generation may possibly converse rather better than we do; but at the same time we hope it will not suppose there was no talk in our day. As Touchstone says, our conversation is a "poor thing, but it is our own;" and there is not perhaps so much difference between the conversation of one age and another as literary antiquaries suppose.

VOLUNTEERING AND PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

THE importance of extending the Volunteer movement till it has reached all classes of society and become a recognised part of the permanent institutions of the country is universally admitted, but the practical difficulties which surround the question, and the best means of dealing with them, have hardly been considered with the attention which they deserve. There can be no doubt that one of the principal sources of the movement has been the taste which is inherent in almost all classes of Englishmen for athletic amusements; and, though patriotism has undoubtedly had a great influence on the matter, it would be unreasonable to hope that mere patriotism will be of itself sufficient to sustain it, unless it is combined with the gratification of the less elevated, though perfectly legitimate and healthy, motive. No one can foretell the turns and twists which foreign politics may take. Many events may be imagined that would allay the reasonable apprehensions which the character and policy of Louis Napoleon at present excite; and the carelessness with which long security has infected our national character would probably, in such a case, induce many of us to wish to lay aside precautions which would certainly be burdensome, and which might, with some plausibility, be represented as unnecessary. A relapse into the undefended condition which for so many years was a standing reproach to us, and from which we are just beginning to emerge, would be a very grave national calamity; and it is therefore extremely important to try every plan which can be suggested for making the movement attractive as well as useful, so that its permanence may be independent of the state of the country at any particular period, and may rest upon that combination of interest, inclination, and duty which supplies the strongest of all guarantees for the popularity of any pursuit. In order to judge of the practical value of such plans, it is necessary to remember the nature of the volunteer movement. It is at present composed of two elements—drilling and shooting. Each of them is altogether indispensable, and its success up to the present point shows that each, and especially that the drilling, is very popular. It must, how-

ever, be remembered that this popularity only goes up to a certain point. The strength and value of the whole movement depends on the circumstance that the Volunteers are men of education and intelligence, and that men of this stamp learn their business at once more quickly and more thoroughly than the ordinary privates of whom the regular troops are composed. But when they have learnt it, it is apt to become irksome. After a certain point, drilling is very monotonous. When men have learnt to march and wheel, to form squares and columns, and to change their formation in various directions, it requires rather a strong sense of duty to go on constantly repeating the same operations with no variety. Shooting, again, though exceedingly interesting, can only be practised under a great many restrictions. The difficulties about getting butts, and the numerous arrangements which are required in order to surround the practice with the precautions which are indispensable, practically restrict the great mass of the Volunteers to an occasional hour of practice during a very short part of the year. It would seem, therefore, that in order to make the movement thoroughly popular, these essentials should be reinforced by adjuncts, if possibly equally useful, but more amusing and more accessible.

Perhaps the most valuable precedent in this direction is afforded by the great popularity of skirmishing drill and the bayonet exercise, each of which makes larger demands upon personal dexterity and activity than the ordinary company and battalion drill. But, large as is the range of excellence for which these exercises afford scope, even they are in their nature mechanical, and something more is wanted to give real and permanent popularity to anything in the nature of an athletic pursuit than any tendency which it may possess to produce mere mechanical dexterity. The real charm of every sport—using the word in its widest sense—which has attained permanent popularity, and has exercised through that popularity a strong influence over the character of those who pursue it, lies in its tendency to cultivate individual hardihood, judgment, and resource. This is the true charm of hunting and shooting, of boating, cricket, and mountaineering; and it would, for many reasons, be an incalculable advantage, both to the Volunteer movement and to the nation at large, if this element could be infused into it. It would be a benefit to the Volunteer movement, because it would secure its popularity and durability; it would be a benefit to the nation at large because it would supply a want which is already painfully felt by large and important classes of the population, and which will be felt more and more as the nation grows richer and more populous. This is the want of out-door amusements. Few of us probably can read, without a pang of regret, the eloquent descriptions given by Lord Macaulay and other picturesque writers of the wide heaths, wild and extensive woods, and desolate marshes which were prominent features in English scenery two centuries ago, and which invested many occurrences which are at present utterly prosaic (travelling, for example) with a tinge of adventure and romance, whilst they conferred upon pursuits which are now mere elaborate amusements—such as hunting and shooting—something of the real importance which belongs to them in unsettled countries. Almost all our modern amusements have become so artificial and expensive that the great bulk even of the easy classes of society are debarred from partaking in them. Many a man in good circumstances who has received from nature sturdy limbs and active habits cannot afford to shoot or to hunt, and is reduced to walk along the high-road if he wants exercise.

Volunteering might be so managed as to supply this want effectually. It might and ought to be made the foundation of the physical education of as many of the population as have the wish or the power to receive such training. It is no doubt true that a man may be a good soldier without much physical strength; but it is also true that physical strength and activity are of immense value to soldiers, because, though personal conflicts are not very common in modern warfare, a consciousness that if actual collision did take place, it would be sure to terminate in one way, is almost as good as actual victory. If one of two men is always anxious to close with the other, and the other is always anxious to avoid him, the former will only be beaten by accident. Now the modes in which Volunteering, if properly organized, might be made to contribute to this result are almost endless. Two or three may be suggested, all or any of which may easily be adopted by individual corps at very trifling expense, and without any necessity for obtaining leave from any person whatever. In the first place, any corps might, at a very trifling expense, convert itself into a club for fencing, either with the sword or the bayonet, for single-stick, wrestling, and boxing. The real objection which most respectable people feel to such pursuits is, first, that they are very expensive—secondly, that some of them are a good deal connected with disreputable associations. It costs a considerable sum of money to subscribe to a really good fencing room, and there cannot, from the nature of the case, be much *esprit de corps* amongst those who frequent it. Boxing and wrestling are cheap enough, but they can only be learned, as a general rule, in places which a decent man does not like to go to. Volunteer corps are just the sort of bodies which might and ought to support such establishments for their own purposes. A small addition to their subscription, which would probably be willingly paid in almost every case, would provide for the expense, and the connexion of the club with the corps would at once guarantee its respectability and give the

members sympathy and a corporate feeling. With reference to the use of the bayonet, some such arrangement as this is positively necessary. The drill in itself is an excellent thing, but no one can really understand its use unless he practises it against an antagonist.

Another mode in which Volunteering might be applied to physical education would be by the establishment of Volunteer camps. In the course of this summer many hundred young men—many of them Volunteers—will make walking tours over every part of Europe in which they can either find picturesque scenery or any chance of an adventure. They will walk twenty or thirty miles a-day, carry knapsacks on their backs, and sleep sometimes in rough inns, sometimes in chalets, and every now and then on a hillside or half-way up a Swiss mountain. This they will do simply from the love of excitement and exertion, spending for the indulgence of their taste sums varying with their means—probably from 10*l.* upwards. Why should not this disposition be turned to the account of the Volunteer movement? There are still in England a certain number of unclosed heaths, downs, and commons. It would not cost much to establish on some of these tents and a mess for all who liked to join. Under the care of men who knew what real campaigning was, men encamped for a month or a fortnight in such a position might learn an immense number of lessons which would be in themselves extremely interesting, and which in an actual campaign might be invaluable. They might learn to pitch their own tents, to light their own fires, to cook their own food, to make themselves comfortable in a bivouac, or to shelter themselves from the rain. They might learn how to advance over entangled country, how to take advantage of enclosures, and how to occupy and improve positions of natural strength. They might be instructed—for they would be men of more than the average intelligence—in the nature of battles and manœuvres, and might be shown how a hedge, a wood, or a shed might be turned to account in case of need. In short, they might learn all that can be learned of a campaign without actual fighting. It is impossible to over-estimate the degree of interest and reality which this would give to their usual drill; and in a real campaign the men who had had this training would be invaluable instructors to those who had not.

Lastly, Volunteers might be taught to know something of earthworks and fortifications. We almost all like hard work, and the nearly universal taste for gardening shows that, if it came in the form of digging, it would not be unacceptable. It has been said that as many battles have been won with the spade as with the sword; and there can be no sort of doubt that, if this country were ever invaded, it would be of the highest importance for its defenders to be able to throw up works on short notice, to strengthen the positions in which they might be placed by mounds or ditches, to dig rifle-pits, to make loopholes, and generally to know how to use the spade, the saw, the axe, and other common tools. Nothing in the world can be easier than to provide the means of doing this. Any plot of ground would do for the purpose, and any sapper or miner could give the necessary instruction. To the particular class of men of whom our Volunteers are principally composed, it would be an inestimable advantage. Every one likes a bit of gardening or carpenter's work when it comes in his way; and it would be a wonderful relief to many a sturdy fellow who is bowed all day over a desk or a counter, to get something harder and rougher in his hands than a pen or a yard measure. Real hard labour is to many men an immense luxury, and a luxury which it is not easy to obtain in a moderate time. A couple of hours' walk, or an hour's drill, is all very well, but it does not make a man's back ache, bring the sweat to his brow, and prevent him from growing fat before his time. The axe and the spade are a famous prescription for this purpose. People cannot use them in their own houses. They want the company of others to keep them in countenance and to keep up their resolution; but every Volunteer corps ought to have its contingent of pioneers, and almost every one would find plenty of candidates for the office, whom nature designed for navvies or ploughmen, and whom art has degraded into artists, lawyers, stockbrokers, and tradesmen.

In this, as in all such cases, the real advantage of the Volunteer corps is that they enable people to keep each other in countenance in doing, for a useful purpose, what they are too shamefaced and too languid to do to please themselves. A man might, no doubt, go and bivouac on Wimbledon Common, and come up by the omnibus next morning, or he might go and dig in his own back yard, or take boxing lessons by himself from a prize-fighter, but in fact people will not do these things alone. They want to be brought up and kept up to the mark by society and example, and this is just what the Volunteer organization can and ought to give them.

IMITATION LORDS.

IT is a great thing for plebeians to get an occasional glimpse of the inner life of the aristocracy. English society is so exclusive, English habits are so reserved, that but for that blessed institution, the Insolvent Court, this valuable addition to the common stock of useful knowledge would be unattainable. If it were not for that revealer of all secrets, the "detraining creditor," we should never know how the pecuniary problems which convulse our vulgar homes are disposed of in baronial halls, or how far the humble plant of natural

affection can thrive in the icy climate of those lordly altitudes. Here we have, in the simple prose of the Insolvent Court, the habits of the caste so often described by Mr. Bright as wrapt up in luxury and debauched by opulence, spread out before us with the homely minuteness of a monkish chronicle. Travellers in an unknown country are apt to make up their chapter on "Manners and Customs" from a collection of single instances. If we were to adopt this method of ascertaining facts, we should infer that it was the habit of English Peers to maintain their younger sons, up to the time of their majority, on 12*l.* a-year and their keep—a housemaid's ordinary wages; and that it was their practice to send them to college with 100*l.* a-year, which is a little more than the lowest sum on which a servitor can live. There would be no difficulty in assigning motives for this peculiar treatment of younger children in a class struggling so emulously to heap riches round their titles. It is the wholesome instinct of accumulation run mad. It was the same feeling that, in the old noblesse of France, would lead fathers, for generation after generation, to consign their children—all except the heir of the house—to a monastery's living tomb. Unfortunately, in England we have no monasteries, and therefore there is no dust-hole into which a peer can shoot such rubbish as younger children, except a public office or a family living. Failing these, there remains no resource but to let them roll down those easy steps to ruin—the University tailor, the money-lender, and the gaol. After all, it is only, in a more lingering fashion, drowning all the puppies of a litter except one.

Whether, in producing the results which this wretched tale discloses, the Duke of Leeds has acted after the traditions of his order or only after his own noble instincts, is hardly worth inquiring. It is no business of ours to decide for him what amount of saving will make it worth his while to brave the discredit of being represented in the cells of Cambridge jail. The case has a bearing of a more public and general kind. It naturally suggests reflections upon the status of the mock nobility of which this insolvent is a member. It would not be right to wound feelings by recalling names which the public has forgotten; but any one who has paid much attention to the aristocratic peccadilloes which in recent years have been disclosed to the public eye by judicial proceedings, will have noticed that these lackland titles, these lords without a lordship, seem to have a peculiar attraction for moral and pecuniary *esclandres*. We have not a word to say against the peerage. It has definite functions which it has fulfilled to the satisfaction of the mass of Englishmen. Whatever philosophers may think of its "anomaly," we have come to look upon it as a practical and valuable court of appeal on the not unfrequent occasions when the capricious and wayward House of Commons is treacherous to its trust. The plea that is available for the peers is, in a secondary degree, available for their heirs. Eldersons, if not immediately, are at least prospectively, useful. But none of these considerations apply to the titular and shadowy lordship that is attributed in courtesy to a certain class of younger sons. They are no genuine part of the peerage, for they have none of the functions which make the peerage a reality. They are the suttlers and camp-followers of the aristocratic army, doing none of its work, and discrediting it by their excesses. If anything with a handle to its name gets into a police court or insolvent court, it is pretty sure to be one of these imitation lords. They are to be found in abundance in all the softer and less creditable walks of life—in all the professions which give the pretence without the reality or the rewards of labour. They form a great feature of the ornamental, as contradistinguished to the useful, portion of the army. They congregate about the Court, clothed in quaint dresses, and calling themselves by quaint names, and charged with no particular duty except that of acting as the properties of a pageant. They shine most in the lower walks of diplomacy, where the peculiar structure of their minds gives them an unapproachable command of small-talk. Naturally, they appear at their worst when some untoward freak of fortune tosses them up into the House of Commons.

Yet they are more sinned against than sinning. They hold a position in English society to which no other class in the community is condemned. They have all the disabilities and none of the advantages of rank and wealth. They are the only set of men to whom idleness is prescribed by the conventionalities of the English world. In this country, activity, in a greater or less degree, is the normal condition of both the wealthy and the poor. The poor man must work that he may live. The rich man finds that his wealth surrounds him with duties and besets him with calls which, even if he had the inclination, he has seldom the courage to evade. But the *cadet* lord has neither wealth nor work. The accumulating maxims of his order deprive him of the maintenance which the younger son of an affluent father would commonly receive, and etiquette cuts him off from the means of self-support. No occupation worthy of the name is open to him, unless he degrades himself by taking orders for a mere livelihood. The only other lucrative professions are barred to him by the common consent of the world. What attorney would give a lord a brief? What patient would trust his body in a lord's hands? And if a lord was to think of becoming a merchant's clerk, Mrs. Grundy would go raving mad upon the spot. The natural result follows. He is like Lord William Osborne, "of no profession or business." He lives at Gogmagog on 12*l.* a-year, "doing nothing." This "doing nothing," in a young gentleman of an enterprising turn of mind,

soon involves an acquaintance with dog-fanciers who procure money, and accommodating Jews who lend it. Extensive dealings with a University tailor, "sumptuous breakfasts" with "girls" in Norfolk-street, follow in due course. It is one of the disadvantages of the wretched youth's position that he is universally credited with wealth which he neither has nor can ever hope to earn. The ministers of debauchery know better than to discourage the reckless extravagance of a lord. "All lords are pigeons, to be plucked if possible," is one of the first axioms of their craft. Even if they happen to have arrived at the distinction between an elder and a younger son, they count on extorting from the head of the house by the fear of shame that which mere natural affection was too weak to obtain. A nature so callous to both motives as that upon which they have stumbled in the present instance is a rare misfortune. And so they pluck pitilessly; and when the crash occurs, and the scandal comes out at last, the Radical newspapers observe with complacency that this comes of a peerage.

It has nothing to do with a peerage, with the essential principles of which it has no connexion. It comes of importing into our system one of the worst features of the foreign aristocracies to whose invariable failure the success of the English aristocracy has been so marked a contrast. The descent of titles to the poverty-stricken younger sons, as well as to the wealthy elder, has been the root of rottenness which has more than once brought foreign aristocracies to the ground. It creates a caste of titled paupers, of drones and loungers by profession. The English peerage, if they wish to flourish as they have hitherto done, must make up their minds to let these dead branches be struck off. In a country where rank cannot earn for itself a subsistence, the divorce between rank and wealth cannot safely be maintained. It is true that this class of younger sons have occasionally risen to distinction. An analysis even of recent Ministries will show several cases in which—poverty not having accompanied this sham rank—it has become innocuous, and has not hindered the usefulness and eminence of its possessor. On the other hand, there is no ground for believing that the younger sons could not make their own livelihood for themselves as successfully as any other Englishmen, if a fair field were only given them. But the Peerage must adopt either the one measure or the other if they wish to avoid the scandals which are far more dangerous to their existence than twenty years of Mr. Bright's invectives. Either this make-believe nobility must be abolished, or it must be supported by the competence without which it becomes a nuisance both to its possessor and everybody else. As matters stand now, it is a source of real danger to the order with which it is professedly connected. It threatens to involve the genuine aristocracy in the contempt which waits on the dissolute and the idle; and contempt to a privileged class is the certain herald of destruction.

THE ADVANTAGES OF CENTRALIZATION.

A HUNDRED years ago, the condition of the Continent was enough to alarm the most frivolous spectator. The latter part of the eighteenth century was like the close of some dark day that is sure to terminate in a stormy evening. All the omens which are the usual forerunners of a world-wide convulsion were to be read in the sky, and the shadow of coming events fell gloomily and heavily upon the spirits of statesmen, philosophers, and people. In the tempest of the French Revolution the old heavens and the old earth may be said to have passed away. One more volume of the world's history closed upon a scene of general ruin and catastrophe. When the next opened, a new dispensation had begun—a new heavens and a new earth rose from the wreck of the past, and civilization entered upon a novel and untried phase. Since that great deluge, fifty years or more of the new era have elapsed, during which time the last remains of the antediluvian fabric have been silently crumbling into dust. We are in the midst of a series of stormy events, but they are the events that succeed, not those that precede, an earthquake. But we are anxious and perplexed still, because we feel that we are beginning to travel with railroad speed down a hitherto untravelling path. The spirit of the times is changing very fast. The views of the fathers are not the views of the children, nor are they, perhaps, any longer the views of the fathers themselves. In a few short years the principle of Divine Right has melted into thin air. Conservatism for those who are its votaries is now little more than a sentimental memory. On the other hand, novelties unheard of by our ancestors are starting into existence—theories of nationalities and of races which are destined to exercise a powerful influence upon the history of the future, but the importance of which we are unwilling to recognise, and the merits of which we are half-unwilling to discuss, from uncertainty as to whether they will lead us. The reign of Napoleon III. is perhaps destined to be a powerful solvent for decomposing what is left of veteran political creeds, and disturbing the normal condition of old Europe. It is apparently the mission of France to be the pioneer of the world, to explore untrodden regions, and too often, by her own disasters, to warn society of the dangers in its path. "Modern civilization," says one who is at once a statesman and a philosopher, "is a compromise between contending social and political principles." The French nation marches in the van, but its hazardous duty

is to point out the peril of pushing logic and theory to an extreme, and to teach the rest of the European world when it should begin to compromise if it wishes to escape disaster.

It can hardly be denied that the French Empire is the natural offshoot of present French society, and in some degree the embodiment of the principles of this age. Based upon the Imperial idea that has come down to us from the times of Charlemagne—an idea founded in its turn upon the ruins of that old Roman Empire which bequeathed the notion of Imperial dignity as its legacy to the new world—the present Empire differs widely from its prototype. The characteristic of the Roman system lay in its conquests and its creation of separate municipal governments, which, united as they were in theory, and bound together round a common centre, still retained their independent municipal life. Practical difficulties of transit and communication, the crude and undeveloped state of mechanical art and science, and last, not least, the force of local attachment and tradition, preserved the individual parts of that great Empire from being absorbed and overwhelmed. Since its fall, the growth of modern society has been the history of the growth of two separate ideas, each acting as a counterpoise upon the other—the State and the individual. In these last times the gigantic strides of science, the increased facilities of locomotion, and the consequent decay of local influence and prejudice have turned the scale. Centralization seems likely to win the day, and to carry all before it; and the French Empire, which is its most extravagant form, presents us with a glaring picture of the evils likely to arise from the untamed triumph of this formidable idea. From the uniformity of its soil, from the absence of natural divisions in its interior, and still more from certain tendencies peculiar to the French mind, France is more likely than other countries to carry the idea to an extreme. The lessons, however, which the world may draw from the spectacle will not necessarily be without their use.

Were we not taught by all experience that men cannot sacrifice their political independence without sacrificing also their morality, there would be less reason to regret a change which, by concentrating all the resources of an empire in the hands of a single individual, increases its power for material purposes at home, and for belligerent purposes abroad. But those who are willing to renounce their political liberties end, if they do not begin, by being morally corrupt. It is a prevalent notion that nothing could be worse than the political morality of the French people under the Orleanist régime. This is not altogether true, and it must never be forgotten that that régime realized many of the substantial advantages of constitutional freedom; but nevertheless the bureaucratic system, which is never more fatal to a nation's character than when it commends itself to a nation's tastes, was silently eating into the heart of France. Patriotism and principle were too often bought and sold. The appetite of place spread like a contagious disease, and, though it left the noblest characters unimpaired, tainted and undermined the masses of society. At last the Orleanist party fell from its own inherent weakness. It was not overthrown—it collapsed. One more vicious form of government was yet possible—one which fed a craving that was only too ravenous already, which stimulated a disease that needed no extrinsic stimulus, which rendered, in a word, depravity more powerful by silencing the virtuous. Such a form has been supplied by the Empire of Napoleon III. The people which, under Louis Philippe, showed itself partially unfit, is being taught, under its present ruler, to be incapable of governing itself.

The triumph of perjury and dishonour, the advent to power of the flagitious and the unprincipled, the sight of wickedness seated in high places, is of itself not calculated to promote the cause of virtue. But, apart from the incidents of his career, the French Emperor must be judged by what he has either done or left undone to eradicate the political corruption which he found dominant among his subjects. Impartial criticism, when it touches upon the reign of a despot, is searching and severe. A man may build a boulevard, drain a metropolis, and dig many canals without escaping from it. Napoleon III. succeeded to the place of a Government which had fallen, partly because it was dishonest, and partly because it was weak. How has he discharged the responsibility entailed upon him by his fortunate succession? Has it been by repressing with a firm hand what was vicious, or by the substitution of a rule which is equally wicked, only, unhappily, more strong? Under Louis Philippe, public opinion, though wavering and unsettled, existed nevertheless, and the proof of its existence was that Louis Philippe ceased to reign. The present Emperor did not underrate its strength. Aware that it could never be entirely suppressed, he set himself deliberately to corrupt it. He "understood his epoch," and he determined to profit by its weaknesses. It was a hero that similarly comprehended his position whose character has been summed up by an ancient writer in the expressive words—"*Gentis et sæculi maximus corruptor.*"

If the French Emperor had contented himself with crushing freedom of speech, and suppressing all journalism throughout the limits of his dominions, his rule would have been a despotism *pur et simple*. The world, which has seen others of the kind, would have pitied the nation that had chosen such a form of government for itself, but have regarded the evil as likely to work its own cure. The novel feature in the present Empire is, that it has taken public opinion into its pay. It is not so

much that some are terrified into being silent, as that others are bribed to speak. The press in these days is an engine both for expressing and for influencing opinion. Louis Napoleon has adopted it as his instrument for moving France. It is a distinct proof of his capacity for administration that he is always ready to profit by the newest improvement of the day. All the cannon of the Tuileries, so to speak, are rifled cannon. *Les canons de l'Empereur sont tous rayonnés.* Directed against the liberties of their own countrymen, the artillery of the French press has attained to a degree of precision in his hands which even the most indignant must admire. There is the official gun, which booms loudly and heavily, and silences all opponents by the force of its explosion and the extent of its range. There is the sharp crack of the semi and the semi-demiofficial batteries, which is less noisy and less startling, but whose precision is as great, or greater, and whose insidious aim is never missed. Lastly, fired from an unseen and unacknowledged hand, comes some anonymous, unauthorized, and disavowed missile, which, superior to all the modern inventions of material gunnery, strikes, and makes no sound. Armed with these terrible instruments of war, the Emperor finds few to oppose his progress. He can suggest an infectious idea to his subjects, and then profit by and thank them for the suggestion. It is his practice, first, to tamper with and then to appeal to the sentiment of his country. He excites the passion that he wishes, and then affects to bow to, or, if necessary, to control it. The bureaucratic system which he found in force at his accession to power, he has so nicely organized and adjusted, that when his creatures pull the string in Paris, all their puppets bow throughout the provinces. The provincial papers silently receive their cue, and frequently their material, from his Cabinet, and the Minister of the Interior is the editor of the literature of France. The trusty publications of the capital amuse themselves with the discussion of the unimportant topics of the day, caress the hand that feeds them, or quarrel amongst themselves as to who has shown most grief when old age has carried off a relative of the Imperial throne. Such is the sum of what has been done in the present reign for the morality of the journalism of France.

Nor has the Emperor forgotten to make full use of the desire of place and salary which is naturally fostered by the maintenance of a bureaucracy. Under the rule of his predecessors, one post at least in the Empire could not be sought from motives of venality. A place in the highest assembly of the nation was not an article of merchandise. The Peers of France were not paid. Under the Empire, the French Senate is supposed to be the noblest dignity within reach of a subject. The fundamental Constitution of 1852 assigns to them a corresponding duty. "Le Sénat," so runs the Code Napoléon, "est le gardien du pacte fondamental et des libertés publiques." But the guardians of French liberties, by an ingenious arrangement, are appointed and salaried at will by the one individual from whom alone French liberties can possibly be in danger. The innovation was well weighed, and, in the teeth of a protest from some few conscientious advisers, deliberately carried into effect. The result has indeed answered the expectations of the innovator. A seat in the Senate is known, and almost acknowledged, to be the reward of obedience and dissimulation. It is a premium so splendid that it has overcome the scruples of many whose former life should have preserved them from the temptation. Within that Chamber daily may be seen seated Monarchists and Revolutionists, alike enjoying the benefit of a second Age of Gold. Prelates have sued for the lucrative distinction, and in some cases have been base enough to deserve it. Those who are so fortunate as to merit notice by their superior obsequiousness feel compensated for the cold looks of their more virtuous friends by the opulent ease of a post where the only duty imposed upon the holder is that he should hold his tongue. What matter the murmurs that run round the *salons* of Paris at each new desertion to the cause of Imperialism? Julius Solon, men say, has been banished into the Senate. Happy Julius Solon!

As a solace to the reflection that there is hardly anything which a man can honestly say, and hardly a distinction which he can honestly merit, under the Empire, France comforts herself with the idea that, if the dignity of the individual withers, the dignity of the State increases. If the dignity of a nation is to be measured by the fear which its armed soldiery inspires, France has reason to congratulate herself. But if national honour means something more than this, a glance at the state of Europe teaches us precisely the reverse. Whatever the character of its ends, the means by which French diplomacy pursues them are a tissue of artifice, chicanery, and intrigue. Foreign journals bribed to be disloyal, foreign subjects seduced from their allegiance, foreign correspondence intercepted—corrupt bargains suggested to some, concluded with others—sympathy refused in public, and given in secret to disreputable causes—honourable promises broken, and dishonourable ones kept—such are some of the leading features in the story of French policy during the last few years. French susceptibility should be, if it is not, aroused by the way in which the world avenges itself. Always disbelieved (sometimes no doubt unjustly), his professions discredited, his designs questioned, his integrity impeached, the French Emperor has brought his country to this pass in Europe, that whatever France does, or proposes to do, is suspected of disloyalty.

THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

THE National Rifle Association has been duly inaugurated by the Queen. It must be confessed that the proceedings of the first day had a solemnity which bordered upon tediousness. A cynical observer might have remarked that the scene at Wimbledon was very like Epsom Downs on the Derby day, except that there was no Derby. There were plenty of carriages and equestrians. There were cold chickens and champagne, negro melodists and venders of "correct cards," and there was Aunt Sally, but there were no race-horses. The ground was gay with the flags of all nations and of an enterprising tent-maker, reminding one of the celebrated sentiment, "All around St. Paul's, not forgetting No. 1." The opening day might not improperly be described as a grand opportunity for country cousins to see the Queen. The ceremonies of the inauguration took place within an inner circle, to which only members of the Association and purchasers of half-guinea tickets were admitted. The great body of the spectators were kept, or attempted to be kept, at a distance, by iron-hurdles, and according to the course of nature they ascribed to the proceedings, which they could behold with the eye of faith only, a dignity and interest which it is to be feared they did not actually possess. The privileged occupants of the inner ring employed the interval of waiting for the Queen in improving their positions for seeing and hearing more fully and comfortably what the outer crowd could neither see nor hear. We regret to have to remark that the same loyal but unsoldierlike anxiety was too conspicuous among the Volunteers. Drawn up in a double line on either side of the platform along which the Queen was to advance to fire the opening shot, it was, of course, intended that they should preserve, until the moment for presenting arms, the rigid immobility of the Guards. But it is lamentable to have to state that the appearance of her Majesty under the tent, from which she was to advance along the platform, occasioned in the heads of the Volunteers a general deflection towards the point to which, on such occasions, the eyes of inquisitive civilians are used to turn. We grieve that the golden rule of "eyes front" should have been so far forgotten; and we would venture to submit to the Volunteers that in this respect, as well as in the unseasonable production of sandwiches, sherry-flasks, and short pipes, they have on more than one occasion set a very bad example to the regular troops who are spectators of their free-and-easy doings. We say unseasonable, with reference, not to the personal comfort of the Volunteers, but to the demands of military propriety. It is a melancholy truth that a civilian who undertakes to do a soldier's work must sooner or later submit to inconvenience and discomfort, not to say hardship, and perhaps severe suffering. This is what the Volunteers, if they will be good for anything, will have to come to some day; and they may as well get upon the right road at once. It is something of a bathos, after all that has been said about devotion to Queen and country, to find a select body of Volunteers capable of so far forgetting themselves as to turn their heads to stare at the Royal countenance as if that were the mark to aim at which they came to Wimbledon. Let them ask themselves what would probably happen to a private in the Guards who should conduct himself in such an unseemly manner. We commend to the perusal of these disorderly gentlemen a passage in a popular naval novel. A party of officers have been dining on shore, at Gibraltar, and are brought down to the water-side, late in the evening, drunk, in wheelbarrows. As they are being handed into the boat, one of the crew remarks to a comrade—"I say, Bill, if them was we, what a precious twisting we should get to-morrow at six bells." The regular troops, who witness, at reviews and other solemnities, such vagaries as have been committed by the Volunteers, may be pardoned for thinking that, after all, this playing at soldiers is very different from the real thing.

The comparison of the Wimbledon *fiat* to Epsom races is perhaps less apt than that with another recent sporting event of great celebrity. We allude to the contest for the fistic Championship. We own, however, that rifle-shooting at a target is as unlike as possible to a battle in the prize-ring, and we must also admit that we do not expect to see any international or other contest of naked fists graced by the presence of the Queen and Court. But the point of strong resemblance between the two solemnities was this—that in both instances the crowd broke into the ring before the proceedings were complete. Perhaps what happened upon Wimbledon Common may convey some notion of what must have been elsewhere the pressure of a crowd upon a point where something was being transacted which they could very imperfectly discern, and in which they felt the most intense interest. But it is just to remark that the ring-keepers at the great prize-fight had to deal only with London roughs and other men, while the police on duty at Wimbledon were assailed by elderly ladies from the country brandishing many-coloured parasols, and resolved, at every hazard, to get a good broad stare at their Sovereign without paying the full price for it. A great question was raised, after the fight, as to who cut the ropes, or drew the stakes, which formed the ring. We are able to state that at Wimbledon there was no meddling, either lawful or unlawful, with the iron hurdles; but active old women clambered over them. The police, seeing the outer line of defence carried, fell back, like steady soldiers, to the citadel. They rallied around the dais and seat of Royalty; and loudly

shouting, "Back! back!" they hardly checked the vehement onset of the parols. Never was seen a better example than the assailants gave of the virtue, so admired in the hunting-field, of riding straight. With eyes fixed on the knot of brilliant personages around the Queen, over hurdles, benches, and every other obstacle, aged but still agile females pushed right on towards the very centre of the mysteries of the Inauguration. The gun which the Queen had fired was reached and passed. Feet of obscure persons might trample the scarlet cloth which had been spread along the course of Royal steps; and, finally, many invaders might boast that they had got nearly as much for half-a-crown as others who had paid half-a-guinea.

It is quite certain that the determined sightseers who triumphed in this piece of generalship would be altogether impervious to any remonstrance against their impertinent intrusion. We shall therefore only remark that if they had remained in their allotted places they would have had a very good opportunity of seeing the Queen and Court, as the Royal carriages drove through the whole of the enclosed space after the programme of the opening had been completed. It may be safely stated that the Queen would not knowingly allow the privilege of beholding her to be restricted to the purchasers of any particular class of high-priced tickets. With patience and propriety of conduct, it is quite possible for every visitor to London to gratify that feeling—whatever be its proper name—which seems to urge all Englishwomen and many Englishmen into the nearest possible proximity to Royal and distinguished personages. But such proceedings as occurred at Wimbledon are both indecent and dishonest, and the foreigners who witnessed them will carry to their homes a deep-rooted terror of those formidable characters, the British female tourist and her male companion who abjectly obeys all her lawless impulses, and is only masculine towards the people whose sanctuaries he assists to violate.

We have still another slight criticism to offer upon the proceedings of the opening day at Wimbledon. The Volunteers who mustered there were a small body placed upon a wide ground, and not knowing exactly what they would have to do; and therefore their performances were exposed to a much more searching scrutiny than when they appeared in masses to execute a prepared movement in Hyde Park. It must also be remembered that the body was composed of units, or twos and threes, from different corps, who could not be expected to act together with the precision of a single regiment. We do not therefore attach any great importance to the fact that their movements generally showed some irregularity, nor even to the spectacle—painful though it was to a military eye—of some of them trailing, and others carrying, their arms as they moved in file in the actual presence of the Queen. We do not notice these blemishes as matters of discouragement or reproof, but only that it may not be forgotten that the work of the Volunteers is very far indeed from being completed by the satisfactory display of their proficiency which they made in the Hyde Park review.

And now we must dwell for a single moment upon one sight seen at Wimbledon which must have afforded unmixed pleasure both to the Queen and all her loyal subjects. We speak of the presence of the Swiss. The entry of 150 unarmed civilians, looking rather like townsmen than mountaineers, is not a very imposing spectacle, nor are the English—as we hope our visitors are aware—apt to be sudden or lively in their demonstrations. Still it was not forgotten that these quiet-looking men were citizens of a country which "sober-suited Freedom chose" long ago to be one of her most favoured seats. They come from a land which, like our own, was famed of yore in archery, and which now sets us an example, in the training of its citizens to arms, which we are determined to do our best to imitate, and, if possible, in friendly rivalry, to surpass. May the Swiss receive everywhere the welcome which their nation's glorious history claims for them among a free people! We should be hospitable to all foreigners, but when the countrymen of Tell come to shoot with the modern substitute for the bow they ought to be received as brothers. Their skill has gained them cordial applause, and we trust that, along with the prizes they have won, they will carry back with them kindly memories and the assurance that, by the British people, the freedom of Switzerland is valued and will be defended as their own.

It has been difficult in the course of these remarks to avoid altogether what may be thought disparaging criticism of certain incidents of the ceremony of last Monday. But, nevertheless, we cannot for one moment forget, or allow ourselves to appear to undervalue, its importance as a hopeful beginning of the good work of encouraging the taste for rifle-shooting among all classes and in every part of the Queen's dominions. If only the Association proceeds steadily, as it has begun, this country will be able, in a very short time, to count scores of thousands of defenders, armed with weapons of tremendous power, and possessing a confidence in their own skill in using them, which will go far to make them efficient soldiers. We must, of course, be content to see only a small proportion of Volunteers attain to the highest point of excellence as marksmen. But there is a point of proficiency short of this which may be reached by every man of good constitution, temperate habits, and determined purpose; and if the Volunteers will only resolve to perform fully the duty they have undertaken, they will soon become capable of making any spot of British soil much too hot

for an invading force. Still we would ever repeat, along with invitations to use the rifle, earnest exhortations to practice sedulously every kind of drill. This country must find somewhere an army of 100,000 men ready for every service in the field. It needs not to repeat the figures which prove conclusively that, within any short time, it would be impossible to collect such a force without calling upon some of the Volunteer regiments to take upon them the duties of regular troops. In the face of such a possibility, those regiments who have already displayed so much aptitude, and earned such deserved praise, will surely persevere in their exercises until they have qualified themselves at every point to endure comparison with any troops with which they may be called upon to co-operate. It will not do to fancy that Volunteers are to scatter themselves behind cover and make good shooting until their own position becomes hazardous, and then seek shelter behind red-coated battalions which will be found opportunely in the rear. If the Volunteers should be called into the field, it will certainly happen, sooner or later, that there will be nothing to fall back upon but themselves. Let them add to native courage and skill in shooting that perfect discipline under experienced officers which teaches every man his exact place and duty; and then, after a very little of the lessons of actual war, they would become all that any commander could desire. If Volunteers of all ranks will keep these considerations in mind and act upon them, we shall in no long time perceive that the alarm about our undefended state has been a source of health and happiness to the population, as well as of national dignity and security. Nor is it the least of the benefits of such contests as that at Wimbledon that they will tempt many hard-working men in London and the great towns to take a holiday, and spend it in getting fresh air and exercise. Instead of lamenting that the Volunteer movement interferes with the arrangements of offices, counting-houses, and shops, we rejoice at this as a most valuable result. In spite of all our amateur soldiering, we shall doubtless remain the most hard-working people under the sun, while we may contrive to inspire a general belief in Europe that we are decidedly unsafe to meddle with.

THE FINDING OF THE SAVIOUR IN THE TEMPLE.

PRE-RAFFAELITE art has of late years made little noise in the world. Of the two leaders of the school, Mr. Millais seemed to have become too indolent to excel, and Mr. H. Hunt has been altogether absent from our exhibitions. It was, however, understood that this eclipse was only temporary, and that the latter artist was engaged upon a great work which should test satisfactorily his own powers and the capabilities of his style. This work has at length appeared; and most lovers of painting who have had the opportunity have, ere this, been to see the "Finding of the Saviour." It must be admitted, however, that such persons as expected a conclusive triumph for pre-Raphaelitism have been disappointed. The picture has, indeed, obtained much and enthusiastic praise; but it has not silenced those who have ventured from the first to doubt whether a spirit of audacious innovation is indeed the sign of genius.

One excellence the painting possesses which every one was prepared to find. The details are admirably executed. Nothing can be more brilliant and elaborate than the drapery and the various parts of the Temple. Nor, as is too frequently the case in pre-Raphaelite paintings, have the faces been neglected. The painting of the flesh is, indeed, not quite equal to that of the marbles and vestments, but this is only because it is more difficult to paint flesh well than to paint marbles and vestments, and is clearly not owing to any negligence on the part of the artist. Of unflinching industry and great technical skill he has unquestionably shown himself possessed. Important, however, as these qualities are, they are in themselves by no means sufficient to ensure the successful execution of such a task as Mr. Hunt has undertaken. In a composition of so grave a character, it is of even greater consequence that the design should be good than that it should be well carried out. Can it then be said that "The Finding of the Saviour" bears the impress of taste and judgment? Does it touch the feelings of the spectator? Is it an adequate representation of the scene as it is called up to the imagination by the description in St. Luke's Gospel? Upon the answer to these questions our judgment of the painting must depend.

It must, in the first place, strike every one who has much familiarity with pictures, that the subject which has been selected by Mr. Hunt has been for the most part avoided by the great painters who have devoted their lives to the illustration of sacred history. This, possibly, has been one thing which induced him to make this selection; yet a little reflection would have shown that if, in a beaten track, all travellers avoid one particular spot, there is probably some good reason for this caution. Why painters have agreed in declining the subject which Mr. Hunt has chosen it is easy to understand. They felt, and with good reason, that it was beyond their power to depict the boyhood of the Saviour at once with reverence and propriety. The innocence of childhood and the chastened dignity of manhood afforded ample scope for their art, and they wisely forebore to risk offence by touching on a period which presented greater difficulties without presenting greater attractions. Leonardo da Vinci, in his "Christ disputing with the Doctors," has avoided the stumbling-block by a pardonable departure from historical

truth. The head of Christ in this celebrated picture is that of a young man, and not that of a boy; and the fact that so great a painter should have ventured upon this alteration must be taken as an indication that he, at any rate, shrank from the difficulty upon which Mr. Hunt has rushed.

The figure upon which the eye first fixes itself in Mr. Hunt's picture is naturally that of the Saviour. It is, to our thinking, utterly unsatisfactory. To untie a knot which Leonardo da Vinci was compelled to cut would in any case have been no light undertaking; but the painter has here chosen to complicate the problem by a wanton and, it seems to us, an ostentatious departure from the received types. Why he has so strangely indulged a capricious fancy in painting the Saviour's head and figure, it is impossible to understand. Idle innovations are always foolish, and where, as in the present instance, religious sentiment is concerned, they are offensive. It has been the boast of the school to which Mr. Hunt belongs that they adhere more strictly to the truth than other painters; but adherence to truth can hardly be thought to necessitate an unauthorized invention. Every one knows the general cast of countenance which the tradition of Christendom has ascribed to the Saviour. To say that this type is at least as beautiful and as likely to be true as that which Mr. Hunt has devised, is a very moderate statement of the case. Nor, when we put aside the singularity of the conception, can it be thought that he has triumphed over the inherent difficulties of the undertaking. The face which he has painted wears an expression of unhappiness, but we miss the look of calm resolution which would seem to be required by the words "How was it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" In one respect only we observe a faint recognition of established practice. The fringe of light which is seen round the hair must, we presume, have been intended for a rationalized version of the traditional halo. We cannot admire the judgment which dictated such a compromise. A preternatural appearance, for which there is no authority, might have been altogether omitted without impropriety, but the grotesque parody which Mr. Hunt has perpetrated evinces a singular want of good taste and discretion.

About the personal appearance of the members of the "Holy Family" we know nothing; but we know that the meeting in the Temple took place after three days spent in sorrowing search by Joseph and Mary. It may, therefore, fairly be inferred that on this particular occasion they were weary and worn with travel. Here, however, where alone literal historical fidelity was possible, Mr. Hunt has departed from history. The glossiness of the draperies, and the unstained fairness of the Virgin Mary's complexion, are by no means suggestive of the true state of the case. Such a departure from historical accuracy would, perhaps, in an ordinary picture, hardly deserve comment; but it is unintelligible in one which claims to be an unusually truthful representation of an actual scene. In any case, it seems to us that the refinement of the Virgin's countenance is carried to a point at which it is inconsistent with strong expression, and that the face would be more effective if it bore more legible traces of the sorrow and toil of the three previous days. But though the head is in some measure defective as regards expression, it shows, in one respect, a departure from, and improvement upon, the received practice of pre-Raphaelite painters. It is free from all affectation of singularity or ugliness. The artist has evidently here done his best to paint gracefully, and it may fairly be said that he has painted gracefully. Joseph's head, however, seems to us to be the best of the three, and it was judicious to depict him as a middle-aged, and not as a grey-haired old man. To exaggerate Joseph's age, for the sake of contrast, was an unprofitable artifice of the mediæval painters, and the group as here delineated is more probable and harmonious.

When we come to consider the picture as a whole, it cannot be concealed that there are serious defects. Mr. Hunt, we are well aware, belongs to a school which laughs at what are called conventional rules. Unhappily, persons who laugh much at conventional rules are apt to forget that some rules are not conventional, but are based upon common sense. The test of any composition is the effect which it produces upon the beholder. What is the effect produced in the present instance? There is no doubt that every one is struck with surprise and admiration at the brilliant colouring and highly-wrought execution; but beyond this the impression produced is mainly one of perplexity. This, we believe, is not denied by Mr. Hunt's warmest admirers; and it has even been said, by way of praise, that the spectator looks and looks again, and comes away at last with a despairing feeling that it is impossible to see all which the picture contains. Now, it seems to us that any work which produces this impression is certainly faulty; and "The Finding of the Saviour" is faulty in more ways than one. In the first place, the composition wants unity. We have, on the one hand, the group of the "Holy Family," and on the other hand a row of elaborately painted Jewish doctors; and though we know that, historically, a connexion does exist between these two parts, there is, as far as the painting is concerned, absolutely no connexion whatever. A painter in the old-fashioned style would have got over this difficulty by casting the figures which do not form part of the main group into the background. Here, however, the grand pre-Raphaelite principle comes in, that we must despise conventionalisms, and paint everything as it actually is.

This principle is, we believe, wrong in more ways than one, but in such a case as the present it involves one very palpable sophism. It is obvious that, whether the painting is or is not an exact reproduction of natural forms and colours, it is not an exact reproduction of natural dimensions and distances. Objects which, in the picture, are within a few inches of each other, would, in nature, be many yards apart; and while in the latter case it would be impossible to take them in at one glance, in the former case it is impossible to avoid taking them in. Painters who crowd large compositions into a few square feet, and talk about reproducing things exactly as they are, seem entirely to lose sight of this broad distinction between their representations and the scenes as they present themselves in nature. Yet in the one case it is a physical necessity, and in the other a physical impossibility, to embrace the whole at the same moment. Nor has Mr. Hunt availed himself of such means as, even on his own principles, were in his power. Had the Jewish doctors been depicted as watching with interest the meeting which was taking place before them, some connexion between the different parts would have been preserved. Whether any of the Jews are meant to be thus represented we do not feel sure; but the general air which they have is one of abstraction.

But though the composition is, if we are not mistaken, essentially defective, as wanting a due subordination of the various parts to a common centre of interest, the defect is needlessly intensified by the small scale upon which the picture is painted. When we examine the practice of the ancient masters, we find that they commonly painted crowded compositions upon a large scale. No sense of confusion is produced by "The Resurrection of Lazarus," in the National Gallery—partly, indeed, because of the unbroken outline and conspicuous position of the two chief figures, but also because the picture is executed upon so large a scale. On the other hand, in such works as "The Abduction of the Sabine Women," by Giulio Romano, the notion of confusion and hurry which the artist has intended to convey is very much heightened by the adoption of a smaller scale. As a general rule, wherever great painters have executed upon a small scale crowded compositions of which the leading character was repose, they have been very careful to give extreme prominence to the chief figures. This Mr. Hunt has failed to do. The Jewish heads, which should have been accessory, are the most prominent parts of his picture, and the eye is thus bewildered, and seeks in vain for a resting point.

We will offer no apology for speaking freely of the defects which have struck us in Mr. Hunt's picture. The motto of the *Edinburgh Review* is sound, though savage; and even unjust censure does perhaps less harm than inconsiderate eulogy. We cannot affect to think, as some seem to think, that the "Finding of the Saviour" is a masterpiece of art; but it shows indisputable cleverness and energy, and these, if they do not constitute a great painter, form, at any rate, not a bad starting-point.

THE OPERA HOUSES.

GLUCK'S "ORFEO."

WE have this week to chronicle two very remarkable events in the annals of operatic history—the production of Gluck's *Orfeo* at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, and the first introduction to the Italian stage of Weber's *Oberon*, for which we are indebted to the enterprise of Mr. E. T. Smith, the lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre. Works so essentially different in character it would almost be impossible to name in the whole range of the lyric drama. Each, however, is a masterpiece in its own way, and each supplies a want which has long been felt and complained of by all true connoisseurs in musical art.

Interesting as Gluck's music must be to musicians from its intrinsic beauty alone, it is doubly so when estimated with reference to the remarkable epoch in the history of the art which the period of its production presents. And perhaps more than all interesting in this respect is the *Orfeo*, as being the first opera in which the composer enunciated those principles of art which he consistently endeavoured to carry out in his later works, the *Alceste*, *Armida*, and the *Iphigenia in Tauris*. What these principles were, he himself stated with great clearness and at considerable length in the dedication of his *Alceste*. The opera, as it then existed, he conceived to be founded on false principles, or rather upon no principles at all. His wish was to restore music to what he regarded as its true office in connexion with the drama—the expression of the feelings properly rising out of the situation, and to strengthen the interest of the story without interrupting the action, or deforming it with unnecessary ornamentation. "I thought," says he, "that music should be to poetry what lively colouring and successful mixture of light and shade are to a faultless and well-adjusted picture, which only serve to give life to the figures without disturbing the outline. I have therefore guarded myself against interrupting the actor in the fire of the dialogue, and against making him either wait for a long tedious ritornelle, or suddenly in the middle of a phrase keeping him upon an easy vowel for the purpose of giving him the opportunity of showing the flexibility of his voice in a long passage"—and much more to the same purpose. How successfully he carried out these principles, and what a remarkable influence his works exercised upon his immediate followers—and upon none

more than Mozart—are acknowledged facts in musical history. Gluck was a philosopher in music. He was the first to propose to himself æsthetic principles upon which to work, and the first to raise opera to the dignity of a work of art. So religiously did he keep to the rules which he laid down for his guidance, that, according to his own account, he at once rejected the most brilliant thoughts if he conceived them in any way unsuitable to the particular feeling or situation which it was his object to express. How earnestly he thought out and how carefully he elaborated his compositions may be gathered from a remark he himself made with reference to the celebrated air in the *Orfeo*, "Che farò senza Euridice." "If you were to make the slightest alteration, either in the movement or in the character of the expression, it would become an air fit for a marionette theatre. In a piece of this nature a single note sustained for too long or too short a time, an undue strength of tone, a neglect of the time, the introduction of a shake, or a roulade, and the like, would completely ruin the effect of the scene." The general character of his music is an earnestness of thought and a statuesque simplicity which, masterly as it is, is, perhaps, not altogether free from the charge of coldness and monotony. "About the works of Gluck," says an eminent German critic, "there plays a fresh, morning air, which is not altogether free from coldness, while Mozart stands in the warm mid-day sun of unrestrained delight and joy." The comparison is not an unhappy one. Mozart was incomparably the greater musical genius of the two, and, in imaginative power, geniality, and musical skill was far superior to his predecessor. He wrote rapidly and from impulse—from an instinct he was unable to define. His inspirations were struck off at a white heat. Gluck's genius was of a more cold and calculating turn. He was a metaphysician, and strove to apply definite principles to musical art—principles true enough in themselves, but in music, more than in any other of the arts, difficult, if not impossible, fully to carry out.

The production of *Orfeo* at Covent Garden is a true and legitimate success. Nothing has been spared which the resources of this great establishment could afford to secure a worthy representation of this classical work. The greatest praise is due to the four principal singers, Madlle Csillag, Madame Penco, Madame Mielan Carvalho, and Madlle Didiée, for the study and care which they have evidently bestowed upon their impersonations; and specially is it honourable to Madame Carvalho and Madlle Didiée not to have despised the small parts—those of the Happy Shade and "Love"—which they respectively undertook, and which they executed, we may honestly say, to perfection. The story is nothing more than the well-known legend of the descent of Orpheus into Hades to recover his wife Euridice—differing, however, in the one particular, that by the intervention of Love, Euridice is reanimated at the conclusion of the opera. The curtain rises upon a capitally grouped scene of shepherds and shepherdesses at the tomb of Euridice, who open the opera by a chorus admirably expressive of grief and melancholy. The remainder of the first act is occupied by the laments of Orpheus for his wife, and the appearance of Love, who promises to restore her under the well-known conditions of the fable. The second comprises the reception of Orpheus at the gates of Hades by a crowd of demons and furies—a scene, by-the-by, but for the exquisite character of the music, irresistibly reminding us of the modern extravaganza—and the discovery of Euridice in the Elysian Fields, among the Happy Shades. The music of this act is throughout in the highest degree delightful. We may especially mention the chorus of demons at the opening, contrasted so beautifully with the single harp unaccompanied—the lovely chorus, "Le porte stridano"—the song of the Happy Shade, exquisitely given by Madame Carvalho—and the chorus from within, "Giunge Euridice," as perhaps the most striking features where all is truly magnificent. The remainder of the action consists in a long scene between Orpheus and Euridice, in which his affection finally causes him to break through the conditions imposed upon him, the consequent death of his wife, and her resurrection by the power of Love. The opera concludes with a fine hymn to the God of Paphos.

While speaking of the general features of the representation, we ought not to omit to mention Mr. Beverley's beautiful scene of the Elysian Fields as one of the most successful efforts of his pencil which we have seen. The action, too, of the ballet and chorus in this part of the opera is in excellent taste, and is evidently the result of careful training.

Madlle Csillag's declamation—and the whole of the music is essentially declamatory—good as it is, is open to the charge of exaggeration, and is too measured in its character. This impression is further strengthened by a continual and injudicious use of the stage stride immortalized by the great Mr. Crummies, which is decidedly objectionable. She is evidently too much impressed with a sense of the elevation of the character she is portraying, and errs on the side of elaboration. If she would be a little more natural, she would produce a more legitimate effect. The same cause doubtless induces a too continual use of tremulous notes, and a certain forcing of the voice for the purpose of indicating strong emotions, which we cannot but regard as a mistake. Generally speaking, however, we can, without hesitation, praise her impersonation. The part is an extremely arduous one, and, in spite of the points in which we conceive improvements might be desirable, it would perhaps be difficult to find any one to do it altogether so satisfactorily. Care

and study are evident in every phase of the delineation, and in some special instances the greatness of Madlle Csillag's powers proves itself most unmistakeably. The song in the first act, "Io saprò penetrar," her scene with the demons, and the whole of the fine recitative which introduces "Che farò," were admirable. In the latter song also she produced a very marked sensation, but most judiciously refrained from complying with the evident wish for its repetition. It is no discredit to Madlle Csillag, if she failed to make much of the great song which concludes the first act, for it is so intensely difficult as to be the despair of almost every singer who has ventured upon it. We ought also not to pass over without notice the beautiful air in the second act in the Elysian Fields, which is most ingeniously and effectively accompanied by the stringed instruments, *con sordini*, while the oboe and flute alternate a kind of obligato. Madame Penco, in the part of Euridice, has nothing to do until the last act. Her steady, clear singing, however, told most excellently in the duet and recitatives of which this portion of the opera is composed. Of Madlle Didiée it is impossible to speak in terms of too high praise for her execution of the quaint recitative and air in the first act, which, with the addition of a very short scene at the close of the work, constitute the whole of her part. The house was crowded in every part, and the interest which the audience exhibited was greater than we should have supposed possible in a work of so severe and classical a character.

WEBER'S "OBERON."

On the 12th of April, 1826, Weber's romantic opera of *Oberon*, or, *the Elf King's Oath*, was produced for the first time at Covent Garden Theatre. The composer himself conducted the performance. Mr. Kemble, the then manager, had been over in Dresden the preceding year, and, induced by the great success which *Der Freischütz* had been lately obtaining in England, engaged Weber to compose an opera expressly for his theatre. The result of the compact was *Oberon*, founded upon the popular poem of Wieland. The choice of the subject was not a happy one, and even in the hands of Mr. Planché, to whom the libretto was entrusted, failed to interest as a drama. This defect is frankly acknowledged by Mr. Planché himself, whose efforts, however, in the versified portion of the words exhibit a remarkable contrast to the Bunns and Fitzballs of our more modern generation. The principal characters were entrusted to Miss Paton, Madame Vestris, and Mr. Braham; and the opera was played two or three times a-week until the end of the season. Before that time, however, on the 5th of June, Weber died of a pulmonary complaint, aggravated by his voyage and the anxiety consequent upon the production of his last work. Since then *Oberon* has, we believe, never been produced in England, although popular and frequently given in Germany. To Mr. E. T. Smith is due the credit of reviving a work about whose musical merits there cannot be two opinions, and which, if it were from association alone, ought surely not to have been allowed to rest so long unknown, if not to musicians, at least to the general public. The greatest pains have been bestowed to insure a worthy representation. Numerous alterations which have been made in the drama have had the benefit of Mr. Planché's own supervision; and to Mr. Benedict, the friend and pupil of the composer, was entrusted the delicate and difficult task of adding the recitatives, which, in accordance with the traditions of the Italian stage, take the place of the spoken dialogue of English, French, or German opera. This task he has executed with great judgment, the music being all selected from other of Weber's compositions, and especially from his opera of *Euryanthe* (another great work generally unknown in England, with a hopelessly inexplicable plot), from which, in addition to recitative, several lyrical pieces have been borrowed. The effect, however, of so much recitative—all of the kind which is technically termed accompanied, and not the half-spoken, half-sung dialogue with which we are familiar in genuine Italian operas—is to give a character of heaviness to the piece, which must, we think, more than anything else, account for a certain amount of listlessness and apathy which the very crowded audience on Tuesday evening exhibited. The cast was as strong as it could well have been, including Titiens, Albani, Lemaire, Vaneri, Mongini, Belart, Everardi, and Gassier, and nothing that scenery and decoration could do was spared to insure a success. In spite of all this, of the interest of the occasion, and of the indisputable greatness of the music, the performance was felt somewhat to flag towards the conclusion. A good deal of this feeling might possibly be ascribed to the want of punctuality on the part of the management—a point which, in the eyes of the public, is of more importance than managers can in general be brought to appreciate. The performance did not commence until half an hour after the advertised time, the consequence of which, and of the very long intervals which were allowed to elapse between the acts, was that the curtain did not fall until half-past twelve.

We shall spare our readers any details of the plot of *Oberon*—if plot it can be called—nor shall we say anything of the purely histrionic features of the performance, as there is really scarcely an opportunity in any one of the characters for display of dramatic power or individuality. Musically speaking, however, the opera was most excellently rendered, and was throughout delightful.

The chorus had evidently been drilled with unusual care, and, for the most part, were most satisfactorily correct and effective; and the band executed with careful precision the accompaniments, which are as difficult and as full of musical "colouring" as is usually the case in the works of the great exponent of what is termed the romantic school of opera. Of each and all of the principal singers we can speak most favourably. Madlle. Titiens was admirable in her most trying and difficult part, "Haste, gallant knight!" the lovely duet from *Euryanthe* "O mia bella anima;" the celebrated scena, "Ocean! thou mighty monster;" and the florid solo of the finale, exhibited her great powers in various styles and to undoubted advantage. Fatima is scarcely a part in which Madame Alboni's peculiar excellences have full opportunity for display. She did it, however, most complete justice. The air, "A lonely Arab maid," and the quaint song with which she opens act iv. of the Italian version produced as great an effect upon the audience as any portion of the opera that could be named. Signor Mongini's Sir Huon, the music of which character is arduous in the extreme, was also excellent. He pleased us least in the first well-known difficult song, "O 'tis a glorious sight to see;" but his delivery of the scene where he encounters Babekan, and his prayer for Reiz's rescue, struck us as specially worthy of favourable mention. A few words must suffice for the rest of the characters. A better Oberon than Signor Belart it would be difficult to find, and his execution of the florid movement, commencing with the words, "Infelice mortale," in act iii., was as neat and clear a piece of vocalization as we could wish to hear. Signor Everardi's fine voice was most serviceable in the concerted music, of which we may mention the delightful quartet, "Over the dark blue waters," and the trio in the last act, "Genio possente," accompanied most effectively by the brass instruments, as being admirably executed. Signor Gassier, by his assumption of the very small part of Babekan, materially contributed towards the perfection of the performance. The mermaid's song—perhaps the best-known piece in the work—was rather harshly and ineffectively given. The scenery is all new, and for the most part splendid, particularly the fairy transformation at the conclusion of the third act, which we have seldom seen surpassed.

Altogether, the production of *Oberon* is the most brilliant and deservedly successful effort of Mr. Smith's management. We sincerely trust—as we believe will be the case—that he will find that his venture will be pecuniarily profitable. He will, in any case, have the satisfaction of knowing that his labours are appreciated by all really competent musicians, who cannot fail to accord him a unanimous vote of thanks for introducing to them with such completeness a work which they will all acknowledge as the production of true genius, and which, from association, must necessarily always possess a peculiar interest for the musical world of England.

REVIEWS.

MASSEY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND—VOL. III.*

IN this volume Mr. Massey narrates the close of the American War of Independence, and carries on the history through the Rockingham and Shelburne Administrations, the Coalition, and the early Administration of Pitt, down to the commencement of the Revolutionary War. His excellences and defects as an historian remain the same as in the previous volumes. He is sensible and candid. He shows throughout the vast advantage which must be derived by a portrayal of Parliamentary contests from thorough practical familiarity with the House of Commons. As a moderate Liberal politician he holds the scales of historical justice between Whigs and Tories with an even hand. His style, though without any pretence to peculiar felicity or elegance, is clear, easy, unaffected, and therefore pleasant. It is even a considerable relief to turn to him from the spasmodic sentiment, elaborate fine writing, and silly prejudice calling itself historical sympathy, of historians who write from imagination and not from experience of the world. On the other hand, he is dry and somewhat meagre; his view of his subject is narrow, being too much confined to that which passes within the walls of Parliament; he seems to have no philosophy beyond that of political party; and while giving a clear view of events in the main, he fails greatly to impress his reader with any particular scene or character which he describes.

The period of history comprehended in this volume is remarkable, among other things, for the last attempt made by a Constitutional King of England to take the government into his own hands. A system of bribery and corruption, carried on through the unwavering agents who enlisted and manœuvred the "King's Friends," became the basis of what Bolingbroke would have called a "free monarchy," secretly subsisting under constitutional form. At first, the constitutional power of the Minister was undermined and thwarted by "influence;" but in Lord North the King at last found a Minister sufficiently wanting in self-respect actually to accept the responsibility without the reality of power, and to

carry on, in compliance with his master's wishes, a contest with the colonies of which his own conscience disapproved:—

The King governed in this manner for twelve years. The results of that administration were, the loss of a great part of his dominions; the addition of one hundred and fifteen millions to the Debt; war with three of the maritime Powers of Europe; a hostile league of his former allies; his coast threatened with invasion, and British waters swarming with the cruisers of his numerous enemies; nay, British merchants chartering foreign ships, because the flag of their own nation was no longer a protection to their property.

There were, however, compensating forces at work powerful enough to save the greatness of England even from the best of Kings and the most amiable of Premiers:—

The nation was on the brink of ruin; and it is probable that her ruin would have been consummated, but for some compensatory circumstances, which lay beyond the control of her blind and obstinate ruler. While the King's Government was losing a great empire in the West, private enterprise had reared from its foundations a still greater empire in the East. While orators and statesmen were engaged in debates about election contests, matters of privilege, and questions of ephemeral or personal interest, the advancing prosperity of the nation, and its progress in the arts of civilized society, are to be traced in the private legislation of Parliament. The Inclosure Acts, the Road and Canal Acts, the Paving and Lighting Acts, which are supposed to concern only the local and personal interests of the parties who solicit them, formed by far the most important part of the transactions of Parliament, from the commencement of the reign until the end of the American war. But, above all, it was by the inventive genius of the Lancashire artisans, that England was compensated for the fatuity of her rulers. The steam-engine and the spinning-jenny opened up new sources of wealth and power; and Watt and Crompton have given us a commerce of a hundred millions with free America, in lieu of a barren sovereignty which we could not have retained.

It is a relief to arrive at the termination—the inevitable termination—of the American War. The enemies of England fondly hoped that in the loss of her great colonies she had received a fatal blow. But this was merely part of the same delusion which led England herself to cling to a nominal sovereignty from which she derived no real advantage. The nation was only entering on another epoch of prosperity and grandeur:—

The very contest which the shortsighted perverseness of her statesmen had provoked, and in which the misconduct of her commanders had suffered her to be worsted, proved eventually more conducive to her welfare than any scheme of aggrandisement which could have been devised by political ambition, and accomplished by military skill. A great writer had recently demonstrated that the maintenance of colonies for commercial purposes was a rude expedient, adverse to all sound principles of political economy; that, so far from promoting trade, it checked commercial enterprise; that the expenses of contributing to the civil government of these dependencies, and of providing for their military defence, were, therefore, so much money thrown away; and, though the distinguished authority to whom I have referred somewhat exaggerates the case when he insists upon attributing the whole charges of the war of 1739 and of the succeeding war to colonial quarrels, which were rather the pretexts than the causes of these wars, it is certain that, however useful the monopoly of colonial markets may be to a country in the infancy of its commerce, such artificial aids are altogether unnecessary to a matured state of mercantile development. But if it is true, as Adam Smith asserts, that the cost of the war of 1753, amounting to ninety millions, ought justly to be stated to the account of the colonies, the cost of the war of independence, amounting to one hundred and twenty millions, was, so far as the material interests of this country were concerned, the more profitable outlay. America, released from the trammels which the selfish policy of this country had imposed upon her, sprang forward at once upon her prosperous career; and, in proportion as she has advanced in wealth and power, our free commercial intercourse with her has increased likewise, while all expenditure on her account has ceased, and the empire is no longer vulnerable at distant points, which no expenditure could adequately guard.

The magnanimous frankness with which the independence of the Americans was at last recognised somewhat redeemed the humiliation of our defeat. It stands in remarkable contrast to the meanness of Spanish pride displayed by Philip III. in recognising the independence of the Dutch. The great victory of Rodney, and the heroic defence at Gibraltar, restored the honour of our arms. The French Monarchy, which had hypocritically interfered on the side of "liberty" in our domestic quarrel, found itself deservedly, though unhandsonely, thrown overboard by its American allies, and received into its own bosom, through Lafayette and his fellow-comrades, the seeds of a still more terrible retribution.

The Achilles of the larger half of the volume is Pitt—Pitt in his better hour, as the Parliamentary Reformer, the Free-trader, the restorer of finance—raised by a Royal *coup de main* to the Premiership at the age of twenty-four, and found not unequal to that elevation. Mr. Massey's estimate of this illustrious chief seems to be fair. He appreciates without idolizing him, and does not forget, in displaying the general excellences of his administration, to point out its weaker points, such as the chimerical attempt to conjure away the National Debt by the institution of a Sinking Fund. The merit of the successful struggle with the Coalition is set rather too high when it is termed "a feat of political courage and conduct which has never been surpassed." Mr. Massey himself reduces it to its just level when he says that Pitt was supported in it "by the whole weight of the Crown, by the whole tribe of courtiers, and by a rapidly-increasing majority of the nation, against a desperate majority of the Commons."

In the contest between Pitt and the Coalition, Indian affairs came into the foreground. Mr. Massey justly, as we conceive, gives Fox and his colleagues credit for upright intentions in bringing forward their India Bill, fatal as it proved to their Ministry, and sinister as it has been generally deemed:—

It suited the objects of party to pretend that the India Bill was merely a contrivance for securing political power to its authors, but it is hardly necessary at this day to vindicate the memory of the great men who were concerned

* *A History of England during the Reign of George III.* By William Massey, M.P. Vol. III., 1781-1793. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1860.

in that memorable business from such an imputation. That party considerations were altogether excluded from the view of the statesmen of the Coalition, it would be folly to maintain; but the first aim of such men as Fox and Burke was, undoubtedly, the good government of India. Those generous minds were capable of rising to the greatness of the subject, and of seeking, in the highest efforts of legislation, a fame and a reward far above the fleeting triumphs of faction. Burke, indeed, had long thought, with the vehemence of conviction characteristic of his mind, that the iniquity and incapacity of the Company's Government demanded a fundamental change; and no person who is acquainted with the ingenious nature of Fox, can doubt the sincerity of the declarations which he often made, both in public and private, during the progress of the affair, that he had never acted more fully on principle than he had done on that occasion, and that he felt bound to risk his power, and that of his friends, when the happiness of so many millions was at stake. The leading Ministers, indeed, so far from regarding the India Bill as a means of confirming and consolidating their power, were well aware that they put it to hazard by such a measure, and that, if they consulted their own ease and safety, the most prudent course would be to leave matters as they were, or to propose only some inconsiderable alteration. Lord North, while the Bill was in draft, warned his colleague, that the proposal to vest the Government of India in a Parliamentary board would probably be fatal to the project and to its authors; and Fox, in his private communications with his friends before the meeting of Parliament, speculates, with doubt and anxiety, on the fate of the "vigorous and hazardous" measure he was about to bring forward.

The intriguing King charged Earl Temple to signify to members of the House of Lords, in his name, that whoever voted for his Minister's India Bill "would be considered by him as an enemy." We cannot go with Mr. Massey in disapproving the conduct of those who proposed to visit with direct censure this outrageous act of perfidy and usurpation. Had his Majesty, thereupon, transferred himself to Hanover, as he sometimes threatened to do when his will was crossed, he would have saved the nation from five hundred millions of additional debt.

It is to be desired that all English historians should do their duty to a great nation by telling it plainly of its faults and crimes. We venture, however, to think that Mr. Massey, in "chronicling" the administration of the East India Company, not only "extenuates nothing," but "sets down" rather too much—we will not say in "malice," but in indignation. Surely he goes rather far in saying that the Indian Empire was partly acquired "by violence and fraud such as can hardly be paralleled in the dark and bloody history of conquest since the world began." We would beg him to remember his own just strictures on the headlong vehemence of Burke:—

He could make no allowance, either for the difficulties with which the Company had to contend in establishing the authority of the British name over vast provinces, differing from each other in religion and race, but to all of whom the manners and principles of Europe were unknown; nor for the faults of a Government, which, bad as it might be, could hardly fail to be an improvement on that of the native rulers. His ardent imagination could dwell upon nothing but the awful spectacle of a once mighty empire in ruins, of the subverted thrones, and undone princes of India.

The trial of the "great proconsul" forms a stately episode in the history of Pitt's Administration, though Pitt's own conduct in the matter remains under a cloud which this volume does not dispel. Mr. Massey shrewdly attributes the acquittal of Hastings to an unexpected cause—the splendid oratory of his great accusers:—

Indeed, if it had not been for these repeated exhibitions of the highest powers of eloquence, it is difficult to understand how the great delinquent who stood at the bar could have escaped conviction on some of the charges preferred against him. The acceptance of a bribe from Chetty Sing, and the torture of the Begums for the purpose of extortion, were charges clearly established; but the public mind was so excited by the amazing feats of oratory exhibited in Westminster Hall, that the dry details of evidence were little regarded, and the whole proceeding came to be looked upon as a display of intellectual feats, rather than a grave judicial inquiry.

Pitt's genius was speedily turned to the subject of reform in Ireland. With this view he instituted inquiries into the composition and character of the Irish Parliament. That august assembly consisted of 300 members, of whom 116 were returned by five-and-twenty proprietors. The Government had 12 nominees of their own, 44 seats occupied by placemen, 86 proprietary seats hired of the proprietors by means of titles, offices, or pensions, and 32 votes of gentlemen who "had promises." Pitt also obtained a paper giving a personal account of each member of the House, from which Mr. Massey has taken a few entries at random:—

H—H—, son-in-law to Lord A—, and brought into Parliament by him. Studies the law; wishes to be a Commissioner of Barracks, or in some similar place. Would go into orders and take a living.

H—D—, brother to Lord C—. Applied for office; but, as no specific promise could be made, has lately voted in opposition. Easy to be had, if thought expedient. A silent, gloomy man.

L—M— refuses to accept 500*l.* per annum; states very high pretensions from his skill in House of Commons management; expects 100*l.* per annum. N.B.—Be careful of him.

T—N—, has been in the army, and is now on half-pay; wishes a troop of dragoons on full-pay. States his pretensions to be fifteen years' service in Parliament. N.B.—Would prefer office to military promotion, but already has, and has long had, a pension. Character, especially on the side of truth, not favourable.

R—P—, independent, but well disposed to Government. His four sisters have pensions, and his object is a living for his brother.

T—P—, brother to Lord L—, and brought in by him, a captain in the navy, wishes for some sinecure employment.

Such was the Parliament by which, according to French pamphleteers, subsisted, and with which expired, the prosperity of the Irish people.

Mr. Massey has had the advantage of using, among his materials for this volume, the papers of the late Mr. Edward Hawke Locker, a Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, who "about

forty years since, with the sanction of the Royal Family, and with the assistance of many distinguished persons, collected voluminous materials for a Life of George III." From this source have been derived some particulars respecting the King's illness. The Royal sufferer was not more wisely or humanely treated than other lunatics under the brutal and ignorant system of that period, till he came into the hands of Dr. Willis:—

Dr. Willis did not hesitate to declare, that if he had been consulted in the first instance, the King's illness would, in all probability, have been of very short duration. And this opinion appears to have been well founded. Mental disease was, at that time, a branch of art little understood; and the specific treatment of lunatics was worthy only of the barbarous age of medicine. The unhappy patient, upon whom this, the most terrible visitation of Heaven, had fallen, was no longer dealt with as a human being. His body was immediately enclosed in a machine, which left it no liberty of motion. He was sometimes chained to a staple. He was frequently beaten and starved; and, at the best, he was kept in subjection by menacing and violent language. The history of the King's illness showed that the most exalted station did not wholly exempt the sufferer from this stupid and inhuman usage. The King's disorder manifested itself principally in unceasing talk, but no disposition to violence was exhibited. Yet he was subjected constantly to the severe discipline of the strait-waistcoat; he was secluded from the Queen and his family; he was denied the use of a knife and fork, of scissors, or any instrument with which he might inflict bodily injury. Such petty vexatious treatment could not fail to aggravate a disorder, the leading symptom of which was nervous irritability, caused by over-application, extreme abstemiousness, and domestic anxiety. It would have been well if the errors of the physicians had been confined to ignorance. But their negligence was still more reprehensible. While the poor maniac was deprived of those tender offices which his wife and daughters might have rendered, he was abandoned to the care of low mercenaries; and so little discrimination was observed in the choice of his attendants, that the charge of his person devolved chiefly on a German page, named Ernst, who was utterly unworthy to be trusted with the care of the humblest of his fellow-creatures. This man, who had been raised by the patronage of his Majesty, repaid the kindness of his royal master with the most brutal ingratitude. He went so far as to strike the helpless King; and on one occasion, when his Majesty wished to protract his exercise in the gardens at Kew, Ernst seized him in his arms, carried him into a chamber, and throwing him violently on a sofa, exclaimed in an insolent manner to the attendants: "There is your King for you."

The two political parties were represented in the sick chamber, and intrigue and faction hovered round the lunatic in their most revolting forms. But more disgusting even than intrigue and faction hovering round the lunatic, was the conduct of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York:—

The Prince of Wales, who had a talent for mimicry, and indeed possessed the social qualities suited to the witty and profligate men and women with whom he lived, was in the habit of amusing his companions by *taking off*, as the phrase was, the gestures and actions of his insane father. That which he did himself he suffered his friends to do; and the standing topic in the Prince's circle was ridicule of the King and Queen. The Duke of York vied with his brother in defamation of his parents; but he was wholly destitute of the lively talent which sometimes carries off the grosser parts of the most ribald discourse; and the brutality of the stupid set disgusted even the most profligate of his associates.

Thurlow, till the King's recovery was pronounced certain, trimmed painfully between the King's party and that of the Regency:—

But on the 15th his mind was made up. On that day he stood up in his place in Parliament, and, with many tears, admonished his amazed audience, that their first duty was to preserve the rights of their King *entire*, so that, when God should permit him to recover, he might not find his situation worse than it had been before his infirmity. He then dwelt on his own grief, and the debt of gratitude which he owed to his afflicted Sovereign; concluding with these well-remembered words, "When I forget my King, may God forget me!"

The Locker collection furnishes a pleasing addition to this pleasing incident:—

According to Sir J. B. Burgess, who was present, when the Chancellor came to the words "May God," he suddenly stopped in his career; a word, the most familiar to his lips, having naturally arisen, but after a pause, instead of "damn," he substituted "forget," and so created a household word when he was about to utter an ordinary imprecation.

The King's temporary recovery—momentous as the "grain of sand" in the brain of Cromwell—placed the power of Pitt again on a firm basis, and gave England a Tory Government at the commencement of the French Revolution, and, as a consequence, the Revolutionary War. Thus Dr. Willis, by his skill and humanity, became one of the most questionable benefactors of mankind.

LEAVES OF GRASS.*

IT is now four or five years since we reviewed Mr. Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. On that occasion we were spared the trouble of setting forth the new poet's merits, as he or his publisher was good enough to paste into his presentation-copy a number of criticisms from American periodicals, which we were satisfied to reprint along with a few extracts illustrative of the volume they recommended. We cannot treat a new edition of *Leaves of Grass* in the same way. It is, we believe, the sixth or seventh which has appeared in the United States, and shows, both externally and internally, that Mr. Whitman is now much too confident in his own popularity and influence to care for directing English reviewers in the way they should go. The volume itself is splendid. The type is magnificent, the paper is as thick as cardboard, and the covers, ornamented with an intaglio of the earth moving through space and displaying only

* *Leaves of Grass*. By Walt Whitman. Boston: Thayer and Eldridge. Year 35 of the States. London: Trübner and Co. 1860.

the American hemisphere, are almost as massive as the house-tiles which, according to Mr. Gladstone, are produceable from rags boiled to pulp. It is a book evidently intended to lie on the tables of the wealthy. No poor man could afford it, and it is too bulky for its possessor to get it into his pocket or to hide it away in a corner.

This is simply astonishing to us, for Mr. Whitman reappears with all his old characteristics. He is still

Walt Whitman, an American, one of the roughs, a kosmos,
Disorderly, fleshy, sensual, eating, drinking, breeding;
No sentimentalist—no stander above men or women or apart from them,
No more modest than immodest—

in short, one of the most indecent writers who ever raked out filth into sentences. Such books as this have occasionally been printed in the guise of a

scrofulous French novel,
On grey paper with blunt type,

but this, we verily believe, is the first time that one of them has been decorated with all the art of the binder and the pressman. The odd thing is, that it irresistibly suggests its being intended for the luxurious and cultivated of both sexes. We are almost ashamed to ask the question—but do American ladies read Mr. Whitman? At all events, it is startling to find such a poet acquiring popularity in the country where piano-legs wear frilled trousers, where alices are cut from turkeys' bosoms, and where the male of the gallinaceous tribe is called a "rooster." The theory that the affectation of an artistic object will justify any conceivable mode of treatment has never been carried farther.

Poetry of so singular a kind deserves some degree of analysis. Mr. Whitman's first characteristic is, that he is an Emersonian. It is curious to observe the effect of the secondary Carlylianism of Emerson on a thorough American rowdy. It is generally the weak through over-refinement who are imposed on by that philosophy which pre-eminently affects to disdain conventionalities; but here is a "disorderly, fleshy, sensual" nature, which takes the disease in quite a new form. Mr. Whitman is a professed Pantheist, but he draws from his Pantheism some conclusions not dreamed of by his teachers. From the principle that all things are divine, he derives the inference that all things are equally beautiful and equally fitted for poetical treatment, and this is his justification for writing with the utmost minuteness on subjects on which Nature herself has sometimes been thought to command silence to everybody except doctors. Mr. Whitman's philosophy seems also to deny that man has any personality distinct from the rest of the universe. A very large part of his poetry is taken up with assertions that he is everything else, and everything else is he; nor do we remember to have come across a doctrine more convenient for a poet. It relieves one from the necessity of doing more than enumerating the various elements of which the moral and material worlds are composed, the various scenes of which they are the theatre, or the various passions they include, and then the enumeration may be closed with the remark that all these things are equally god-like, or are equally dear to the poet, or are equally part of him, or have an equal claim on him as a part of themselves. We take, almost at random, the following passage, to give a notion of Emersonianism done into verse by Mr. Whitman:—

Good in all,
In the satisfaction and aplomb of animals,
In the annual return of the seasons,
In the hilarity of youth,
In the strength and flush of manhood,
In the grandeur and exquisiteness of old age,
In the superb vistas of Death.

Wonderful to depart!
Wonderful to be here!
The heart, to jet the all-alike and innocent blood,
To breathe the air, how delicious!
To speak! to walk! to seize something by the hand!
To prepare for sleep, for bed—to look on my rose-coloured flesh,
To be conscious of my body, so amorous, so large.
To be this incredible God I am,
To have gone forth among other Gods—those men and women I love.

I sing the Equalities,
I sing the endless finales of things,
I say Nature continues—Glory continues,
I praise with electric voice,
For I do not see one imperfection in the universe,
And I do not see one cause or result lamentable at last in the universe.

These lines will show that Mr. Whitman has adopted a metre which, like his philosophy, is calculated to make the labour of writing poetry much slighter than it has been usually considered. He has a better ear than Mr. Tupper, and his versification has occasionally a vague rhythm about it, but it is evidently the free and easy Tupperian pseud-hexameter which he has taken for his model. The elasticity of the rules by which this peculiar metre is governed here and there receives startling illustration in *Leaves of Grass*, as in the last two verses of the following extract:—

Who are you, indeed, who would talk or sing in America?
Have you studied out MY LAND, its idioms and men?
Have you learned the physiology, phrenology, politics, geography, pride,
freedom, friendship, of my land? its substratums and objects?
Have you considered the organic compact of the first day of the first year
of the independence of The States, signed by the Commissioners,
ratified by The States, and read by Washington at the head of the
army?

The same metrical oddities appear in another passage, which we quote because it gives us Mr. Whitman's description—doubtless a faithful one—of himself and his habits:—

His shape arises,
Arrogant, masculine, naïve, rowdyish,
Laugher, weeper, worker, idler, citizen, countryman,
Saunterer of woods, stander upon hills, summer swimmer in rivers or by
the sea,
Of pure American breed, of reckless health, his body perfect, free from
taint from top to toe, free forever from headache and dyspepsia,
clean-breathed,
Ample-limbed, a good feeder, weight a hundred and eighty pounds, full-
blooded, six feet high, forty inches round the breast and back,
Countenance sun-burnt, bearded, calm, unrefined,
Reminder of animals, meeter of savage and gentleman on equal terms,

Never offering others, always offering himself, corroborating his phre-
nology,
Voluptuous, inhabitive, combative, conscientious, alimentive, intuitive,
of copious friendship, sublimity, firmness, self-esteem, comparison,
individuality, form, locality, eventuality,
Avowing by life, manners, works, to contribute illustrations of results of
The States,
Teacher of the unquenchable creed, namely, egotism,
Inviter of others continually henceforth to try their strength against his.

It will be seen that Mr. Whitman calls himself "naïve," in the feminine. One of his peculiarities is that he mixes up French words, generally much misspelt and otherwise abused, with the English or American of his verses. In one poem, each stanza begins with "Allons." In another, the words "Accouchez; accouchez" form a whole line; and elsewhere he calls upon the world to "respondez." But if his French is a new ingredient in poetry, still newer is his American slang, particularly journalistic and debating slang, with which he sometimes fills entire pages. Nothing can be absurder than the way in which the common-places of public speaking are occasionally intruded, as in this couplet:—

I say, nourish a great intellect, a great brain;
If I have said anything to the contrary, I hereby retract it.

Or in the following:—

I, an habitué of the Alleghanies, treat man as he is in the influences of
Nature, in himself, in his inalienable rights.

I do not tell the usual facts, proved by records and documents;
What I tell (talking to every born American) requires no further proof
than he or she who hears me will furnish, by silently meditating
alone.

The extracts we have given will perhaps lead the reader to wonder by what extraordinary hallucination as to the character of poetry Americans have been led to regard Mr. Whitman as a poet. Yet we are far from saying that he has nothing of the poetical fibre. He is certainly an unredeemed New York rowdy of the lowest stamp. He is absolutely without sense of decency. He has obviously no sort of acquaintance with the masters of his art, and his studies have been apparently confined to Mr. Tupper, his newspaper, and the semi-lyrical rhapsodies of the Boston transcendentalists. But his taste, now hopelessly perverted, seems to have been naturally delicate, and he has a very vivid imagination. When his pictures happen (as is rarely the case) to be neither befouled with filth nor defaced by vulgarity, they are, for the most part, strikingly presented. A sort of catalogue of scenes of American life, which, according to Mr. Whitman's easy method, is continued for half-a-dozen pages and results in nothing particular, gives a good idea of his descriptive power. We can only quote the beginning:—

Over the growing sugar—over the cotton plant—over the rice in its low
moist field,
Over the sharp-peaked farm house, with its scalloped scum and slender
shoots from the gutters,
Over the western persimmon—over the long-leaved corn—over the deli-
cate blue-flowered flax,
Over the white and brown buckwheat, a hummer and buzzer there with
the rest,
Over the dusky green of the rye as it ripples and shades in the breeze,
Scaling mountains, pulling myself cautiously up, holding on by low
scragged limbs,
Walking the path worn in the grass and beat through the leaves of the
brush,
Where the quail is whistling betwixt the woods and the wheat-lot,
Where the bat flies in the Seventh Month eve—Where the great gold-
bug drops through the dark,
Where the flails keep time on the barn floor,
Where the brook puts out of the roots of the old tree and flows to the
meadow,
Where cattle stand and shake away flies with the tremulous shuddering
of their hides,
Where the cheese-cloth hangs in the kitchen—Where andirons straddle
the hearth-slab—Where cob-webs fall in festoons from the rafters,
Where trip-hammers crash—Where the press is whirling its cylinders,
Wherever the human heart beats with terrible throes out of its ribs—

there, and everywhere else, is Mr. Whitman.

We conclude with some lines which are more like true poetry than anything else in the volume. They are fished out from the very midst of a sea of foul impurities:—

Press close, bare-bosomed Night Press close, magnetic, nourishing
Night!
Night of south winds! Night of the large few stars!
Still, nodding night! Mad, naked, summer night.
Smile, O voluptuous, cool-breathed Earth!
Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!
Earth of departed sunset! Earth of the mountains, misty-topt!
Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon, just tinged with blue!

Earth of shine and dark, mottling the tide of the river!
 Earth of the limpid grey of clouds, brighter and clearer for my sake!
 Far-swooping elbow'd Earth! Rich, apple-blossom'd Earth!
 Smile, for your lover comes!
 Prodigal, you have given me love! Therefore I to you give love!
 O unspeakable passionate love!

LADY CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS TO HER DAUGHTER.*

MR. SALA publishes little books about nothing particular with very curious rapidity. In themselves they have hardly any importance, but they represent a kind of literature—if it is to be called by that name—which is one of the inventions of the present day, and which, as far as its sphere extends, cannot but have a very bad influence over those who read the books which compose it. It is mischievous both in form and in substance; for the form either depraves the taste of those to whom it is addressed, or if, as must often be the case, they are unacquainted with higher and better models of composition, it can hardly fail to inoculate them with a jaunty vulgarity and conceit which is an evil of considerable magnitude, and which tends to produce evils of a much more serious kind. A flighty, slipshod turn of mind, accustomed to crave for parasitical amusement in connexion with every subject of human thought or inquiry, is almost certain to lead its victims to inaccurate, unmanly opinions, and to presumptuous discontent with everything of which the advantage is not apparent to very limited capacities. The substance of the class of books referred to is usually faulty in these very particulars. They are generally composed of the most crude and emasculate speculations upon detached parts of great subjects, and not only bear no traces of quiet or impartial thought, but are radically hostile to the formation of the mental habits which are essential to that process.

Lady Chesterfield's Letters is a good specimen of books of this sort. Indeed, it is unusually instructive, because the author of it appears to have a sort of indistinct consciousness of the fact that the style of writing which he has selected is one which requires apology. His motley is not quite so glaring in its pattern, nor does it fit quite so easily on his back as the coats of some other writers of the same class. There is a protesting, complaining tone about parts of the book, which suggests that Mr. Sala feels that he is not engaged in any very dignified pursuit, and that he could do better if he chose—a suggestion which is probably true. It is earnestly to be hoped that he will try to act up to it. The scheme of the book is that an old lady living in retirement in the country writes a series of letters to her daughter in town. Mr. Sala intended originally to have made her "as shrewd, as caustic, and as humorous as he has known many old women of the world to be;" but, he honestly admits, "*Lady Chesterfield* writes like a man, for the reason that her amanuensis was a man—myself." This is a very insufficient reason for an incorrect assertion. *Lady Chesterfield* does write exactly like an old woman, but not like one who is either shrewd, caustic, humorous, or a woman of the world. Yet we do not doubt Mr. Sala's next statement:—"I have put my own words and thoughts into the mouth of *Lady Chesterfield*. The little doctrines she inculcates are mine—of course except her peevish excesses of cynicism, her little outbursts of old-world Toryism. As to the rest, I have endeavoured to make her plead the cause, uphold the rights, denounce the wrongs, the cruelties, the hypocrisies, and the lies, considerations of which, whether I have been engaged in matters of fact or matters of fiction, have occupied my pen since I first took it up to be a working literary man thirteen years ago." In accordance with this programme, Mr. Sala invents a variety of little incidents on which *Lady Chesterfield* moralizes to her daughter. Miss *Chesterfield* goes up to town in a railway-carriage, her hostess in London gives a party, she gets into a flirtation; and each of these, and twenty other incidents, gives her mother an opportunity to twaddle about every conceivable subject. The style is imitated with considerable felicity from those passages in Mr. Thackeray's novels in which mankind are dandled up and down in a half-tender, half-cynical manner, which, till the trick of it is found out, is impressive, because it assumes the existence of a reserved fund of latent strength that could, if it would, make revelations of tremendous import to the general peace and welfare of mankind. The gentle infusion of sarcasm, the subdued melancholy, the air which seems to say to all whom it may concern, "Gather your roses whilst you can," are all so many indirect claims to a vast and woful experience. They are ways of saying, "Do not be afraid of me. I could no doubt crush you with my invective, or blight you with my sarcasm, but I am not going to do it. I take pleasure in your innocent joy, and in order that you may laugh, I will joke; though, as you see, I do it in the bitterness of a heart worn down by thought and knowledge." In Mr. Sala's case, such an implied claim is something like the magnanimity of the little street boy who, being ordered off by a powerful man whose footsteps he was dogging with the pertinacity which such boys constantly display, replied with a patronizing air, "Don't be afraid, I'm not going to hurt you." In spite of Mr. Sala's attitudes, it is impossible not to feel that, even if he did open the floodgates of his mind, no very awful deluge would follow. He is quite right in saying that his heroine preaches

"little sermons." They are very little indeed, and give no indication of the power of preaching larger ones. There is something affecting in the contrast between *Hercules* and the distaff; but a man does not become a *Hercules* by taking to women's work; and when there are so many ways of getting a living, it seems rather contemptible to select that of writing a number of very feeble little remarks upon very paltry subjects, and stringing them together into a thin volume, which claims, amongst other things, to uphold rights, and to denounce wrongs, cruelties, and lies.

After carefully reading through Mr. Sala's book, it is hard to say what rights he has upheld, or what wrongs, cruelties, hypocrisies, or lies he has denounced. The book is full of feeble attempts to think about different things upon which a man really might think to some advantage if he knew how, and would take the trouble, but upon which Mr. Sala simply maunders. For example, Letter VIII. contains seventeen or eighteen pages about the "Behaviour of Young Ladies." This is a subject on which a thoughtful man might find a great deal to say. A sprightly or ingenious man might be smart and amusing upon it. A man who, without these qualities, was still observant, and had a quick eye for the small peculiarities of particular times and classes, might write something more or less pointed and graphic. Let us see what Mr. Sala, who for the last thirteen years has been, to use his own phrase, "a working literary man," makes of it. After about three pages of irrelevant preface, the gist of which is that the letters cannot please everybody, *Lady Chesterfield* tells her daughter that in former times society was much more debauched than it is now—that young ladies used formerly to bet, and read bad books, whereas now novels for young ladies are almost too pure, and they do not bet at all—that people now-a-days are not "Beauties," or "Belles," except, indeed, in America—that to be a worn-out beauty is a sad thing, and that an old French ballad by François Villon sets this in a striking light, which is proved by giving the plot of the ballad—and that young ladies used to swear and sing improper songs, whereas they are now "so well behaved." Here Mr. Sala fears that he is relapsing into "my cynical mood;" and then, after a caution that female heroism is hardly ever wanted, follows the usual list of female heroines in our own time. Madame Osten-Sacken nursed a midshipman who was wounded in the *Tiger*; then there was Mrs. Seacole, and Miss Nightingale; and then comes a little sermonette by way of conclusion, which is unexceptionable enough, as far as matter goes, though the style is a perfect curiosity of bad taste. "Don't let your heart wear gloves. Don't think you have fulfilled all the requirements of politeness when you leave a card upon conscience. Call upon conscience. Insist upon seeing her. Rout her up if she says she is not at home. Keep your veil down when you fancy gentlemen are watching you as you survey life; but look at it with your veil up when alone," &c. &c.

This is an average specimen of the sort of matter of which this volume, and many others like it, are composed. The peculiarity of it is that it is impossible to understand how it ever comes—not to be written, for there appears to be a market for it—but to be read. There is in it neither originality, nor novelty, nor point, nor even the verbal ingenuity which long practice might be supposed to give. There is not a syllable in it which rises above the most trivial common-place. Every one knows that our manners are quieter, and our books more reticent, than they were a hundred years ago, and this is really all that Mr. Sala has to say about the manners of young ladies. They deserved something better than that. Women cannot be so absolutely effete as to suggest no reflections at all. But perhaps, in the course of his thirteen years' practice as a working literary man, Mr. Sala has said all that he had to say on that head so very often that he has taken, as a last resource, to try how much space he can occupy in saying nothing. This supposition is considerably confirmed by the style in which the "little sermon" is written. In every occupation there is what the French would call a "hierarchy" of labourers. Some shoemakers are men's men, others women's men—some work at ready-made boots and shoes, others at those which are made to order. It is apparently the same with "working literary men." Some do the solid, and others the airy business—some are in the sentimental line, whilst others stick to facts. Mr. Sala appears to devote himself to the sentimental-comic department, and the consequence is, that whatever he writes is flavoured with a set of tricks of style which might be made up in quantities like bottles of Worcestershire sauce, and rubbed into almost any material. One of these tricks is the abuse of specification. In the old days of special pleading, it used to be a rule in many proceedings that time, place, and quantity must be alleged in relation to all material facts. Thus, it would not have been enough to say that a man wrongfully took away some tables, but it would have been necessary to aver that on a given day, at a given place, he took divers, to wit, three tables of great value, to wit, the value of 20*l.* of lawful money of Great Britain. This pedantry, having been banished by statute from Courts of Law, has betaken itself to literature. Writers of the comic, serio-comic, and sentimental departments always try to give point to their writing by specifying. Thus Mr. Sala wants to say that English girls at present are better behaved than they were in the last century. This tame observation is made picturesque as follows:—"I consider a modern young English lady to be a much more *rangée* person than was her

* *Lady Chesterfield's Letters to her Daughter*. By George Augustus Sala. London: Houlston and Wright. 1860.

great-grandmother in her maidenhood," (why not go on to add, to wit, at Kensington Palace, in the county of Middlesex?) "No beautiful Miss Gummings, no lovely brazen-faced Duchesses of Kingston, no Georginas of Deronsire even, would now be tolerated within the pale of polite society" (to wit, in Belgravia, in the parish of St. Mary, Westminster, in the county of Middlesex). Nothing enables a man to spread the results of his miscellaneous reading over a wider surface than the liberal employment of this device, and hardly any assertion is too stale to derive from it a certain sort of freshness and gloss. If, for example, you want to say it is very cold weather, how vivacious you may be by observing that it is not so warm now as in those old June days of century eighteen, when George III. had just been crowned at Westminster, and Great Old Samuel Johnson used to dine at the Mitre and saunter in the Temple Gardens.

Another contrivance of the same kind is that of expressive pseudonyms. In order to use it properly, a man should not only personify every sentiment that he wishes to express, but should embody it in a nickname. Mr. Thackeray first brought this trick into fashion; and in a regular novel, where there must be characters, and the characters must have names, it is not out of place, though it is very easily overdone; but in a set of letters like Mr. Sala's, it becomes utterly intolerable in a very short time indeed. It is quite true, for example, that a French judge is a very different person from an English one; and a mother, answering her daughter's letter from Paris, might well enough say something lively about the contrast which a judge of thirty-five and a great dancer affords to our notions of judicial dignity. Mr. Sala has nothing particular to say upon the subject beyond the bare fact that French and English judges are very different people; but he expands this into almost three pages, partly by the help of Sir Christopher Hatton, and partly by talking about "M. le President de la Toque des Pasperdus of the Imperial Court of Brives-la-Gaillarde," and comparing him with "Owlett, C. J., and Miniver, B." To make matter which could under no circumstances have been worth publishing fill more than 234 pages with what may, perhaps, be described as Sala's Tincture of Thackeray, is neither a useful nor an ornamental way of passing time.

Mr. Sala might perhaps urge that his books are not intended to stand the test of serious criticisms—that they are only meant to be playthings, spiced with a certain virtuous flavour. The answer to this is, that, whatever they are meant to be, they are radically and intrinsically bad—so bad that, if skilfully written—they would be worse, because they would be more popular than they are. A certain part of human life may properly be devoted to amusement, but even in amusement sense and spirit cannot be dispensed with. Maundering about important subjects are simply bad in themselves, and are neither fit to be written by men nor to be read by women or children. The tricks of style are tawdry enough, but in connexion with healthy matter they might be endured. It is an injustice, however, even to rotten leather to stamp it with a vulgar pattern.

CAPTAIN BURTON'S TRAVELS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.*

THE interest of this record of exploration is derived rather from the author's achievements than from his adventures. The result of Captain Burton's hardships and labours has been to discover at last the Great Central Lake which for centuries has been the subject of an indistinct tradition among geographers, and a sort of philosopher's stone to African explorers. They have sought it from the north, and from the south, and from the west, and it has always hitherto eluded their search. And yet it was not so very hard to find. It lies due west from the island of Zanzibar, about six hundred miles from the coast, from which it is separated by one water-shed of moderate elevation. If there were any materials for commercial progress in the degraded tribes that inhabit its shores, this discovery would be a very important one. The extreme length of the lake is not quite three hundred miles, its extreme breadth is about forty. It is therefore larger than any other inland sea in the Old World, with the exception of the Caspian. But unless the lazy savages who surround it were exterminated, and their places supplied by white men, the discovery is not likely, for some time, to have more than a geographical value.

At first sight it seems surprising that no European should have made the journey before, so slight do the hardships by which it is beset appear. How little there is of serious obstacle in mountain or morass appears sufficiently from Captain Burton's recommendation that a tram-road should be laid from the lake to the coast, and his assurance that there are no engineering difficulties. There was no difficulty about food; for almost all along the line of march, with insignificant exceptions, villages were to be found in which supplies of all kinds were to be had. Nor was the explorer exposed to personal danger from the jealousy or hostility of the natives. No doubt the melancholy fate of a French predecessor on the same line forced him to take an escort; but a very small display of force sufficed to secure him from all attack. The privilege of being fleeced, which accompanies the English traveller wherever he sets his foot, did not desert Captain Burton in Eastern Africa. The chiefs

of this part of the country principally live by the black-mail, or customs, which they levy from the trading caravans; and as their system is to proportion their exactions to the traveller's supposed wealth, a white man travelling for pleasure, not for profit, was naturally the victim of a severe tariff. But beyond this the native tribes offered him no sort of hindrance. The traveller's only real obstacle, the only feature which gives anything of a variety to his slow but easy progress, was the terrible fever with which the country is cursed. This incessant pest seems to have met and baffled the author and his companion at every stage of their advance. It was not, as in other parts of Africa, content with ravaging the reedy valley or alluvial plain—it appears to have pursued them or clung to them just as pitilessly on the mountains as in the hollow. Highlands or lowlands, wet climate or dry, it seems to have been just the same to the fever. The only difference between healthy and unhealthy districts appears to be that the natives suffer in the low country, but escape when they get out of it. The stranger is equally fever-hunted in both. Almost a regular portion of Captain Burton's diary, at each halting station, is an account of the paroxysms of fever in which the particular malaria of the place manifested itself. His normal condition for starting in the morning was a state of weakness so intense that he was unable to sit upon an ass. These fever fits were the only serious adventure of the journey. Rascally porters would occasionally steal his goods or break his instruments, and extortionate chiefs would sometimes exact an unconscionable tribute; but these are mishaps with which tourists in Europe are not wholly unacquainted. The only element of hardship in the expedition—and it was abundant enough for the most adventurous taste—was the pestilence in which they lived and moved, and from which there was neither respite nor escape. An extract will give the best picture of the reality of the sufferings it induced:—

On the 10th October, suddenly waking about dawn from a horrible dream, in which a close pack of tigers, leopards, and other beasts, harnessed with a network of iron hooks, were dragging him like the rush of a whirlwind over the ground, he found himself sitting up on the side of his bedding, forcibly clasping both sides with his hands. Half-stupefied by pain, he called Bombay, who having formerly suffered from the "Kichyoma-chyoma"—the "little irons"—raised his master's right arm, placed him in a sitting position, as lying down was impossible, and directed him to hold the left ear behind the head, thus relieving the excruciating and torturing twinges, by lifting the lung from the liver. The next spasm was less severe, but the sufferer's mind had begun to wander, and he again clasped his sides—a proceeding with which Bombay interfered.

Early on the next morning, my companion, supported by Bombay and Gaetano, staggered towards the tent. Nearing the doorway, he sent in his Goanese, to place a chair for sitting, as usual, during the toils of the day, outside. The support of an arm being thus removed, ensued a second and violent spasm of cramps and twinges, all the muscles being painfully contracted. After resting for a few moments, he called his men to assist him into the house. But neglecting to have a chair previously placed for him, he underwent a third fit of the same epileptic description, which more closely resembled those of hydrophobia than aught I had ever witnessed. He was once more haunted by a crowd of hideous devils, giants, and lion-headed demons, who were wrenching, with superhuman force, and stripping the sinews and tendons of his legs down to the ankles. At length, sitting, or rather lying, upon the chair, with limbs racked by cramps, features drawn and ghastly, frame fixed and rigid, eyes glazed and glassy, he began to utter a barking noise, and a peculiar chopping motion of the mouth and tongue, with lips protruding—the effect of difficulty of breathing—which so altered his appearance that he was hardly recognisable, and completed the terror of the beholders. When this, the third and the severest spasm, had passed away, he called for pen and paper, and fearing that increased weakness of mind and body might presently prevent any exertion, he wrote an incoherent letter of farewell to his family. That, however, was the crisis. He was afterwards able to take the proper precautions, never moving without assistance, and always ordering a resting-place to be prepared for him. He spent a better night, with the inconvenience, however, of sitting up, pillow-propped, and some weeks elapsed before he could lie upon his sides. Presently the pains were mitigated, though they did not entirely cease: this he expressed by saying that "the knives were sheathed." Such, gentle reader, in Eastern Africa, is the kichyoma-chyoma: either one of those eccentric after-effects of fever, which perplex the European at Zanzibar, or some mysterious manifestation of the Protean demon Miasma.

Whatever the interest of Captain Burton's discoveries, we doubt whether, with this prospect before them, Europeans are likely to be tempted into the charming country he has laid open to their enterprise.

Perhaps it is this malaria which explains what is otherwise inexplicable—the fact that in this vast district of Eastern Africa British commerce has been foiled at its own weapons. The currency of the country is of a very peculiar character, but one that ought to recommend it to English merchants. The only circulating medium recognised consists of cotton cloth, glass or porcelain beads, and brass-wire, against which the ivory and copal which are the chief produce of the country are exchanged. This ought to be a great opportunity for Birmingham and Manchester; and yet the beads, which are imported by the ton, have become a monopoly in the hands of the Hindoos, and the supply of cotton has been so completely appropriated by the American merchants that the native name for the better kinds of cloth is Merani. To be beaten out of the field by Yankee cotton goods in a market which is nearer to England than to America is, indeed, a deep disgrace to Manchester. But the truth is that, loudly as some classes of our manufacturers may denounce the increase of territory we have sought and acquired in the East, English merchants will hardly be induced to trade in uncivilized countries except under the protection of their own flag. Anything that is personally venturesome they discreetly leave to the Americans. A remarkable proof of this disinclination is the fact

* *The Lake Regions of Central Africa.* By R. F. Burton. London: Longmans, 1860.

that, according to the latest reports, no single English ship had been seen on this East African coast for many years. And yet it is from commerce almost alone that, in Captain Burton's judgment, any amelioration of the moral or physical condition of the East Africans can be looked for. The great curse of Africa, the slave trade—which nothing but legitimate trade can effectually root out—rages almost unchecked by English cruisers or Portuguese treaties upon this side of the Continent. All the evils of soul and body of which this traffic is the dispenser it scatters lavishly over the "Land of the Moon." The peculiar institution has exhibited more than its usual efficacy in withering up family affection, remitting a whole race to debauchery for their sole enjoyment, and turning the most fruitful lands into a desert. Were he left to nature, the life of the East African would be passed in greater abundance, and therefore in greater happiness, than that of the Indian ryot. But the most fertile spots are generally the most exposed, and a thriving agricultural village is the favourite harrying-ground of the predatory tribes who supply the slave-dealers of the coast. The human being has come to be looked upon so completely as an article of merchandise that natural ties are absolutely unknown. The father will not hesitate, if he finds himself in difficulties, to relieve himself by selling his wife and children, and if the difficulties still continue, he not unfrequently completes the transaction by the further sale of himself. In some tribes the wife's brother has the curious right of selling her children into slavery if he thinks fit. This strange ownership rests upon the conviction—the fruit, no doubt, of long experience—that only maternal relationships can be relied upon.

The literary merits of this book are very considerable. The narrative of a hardy, almost desperate, explorer is the last place in which we should have looked for the stores of reading and of thought which are displayed upon these pages. The work has only one defect. The bilious fever which haunted Captain Burton during his travels clings to his pen. The book is one long grumble against most inanimate and all animate things. Of course we do not venture to fasten the charge of exaggeration upon any particular grumble; but a uniformly sombre tint cannot but suggest doubts as to whether it is not the subjective result of a bad liver. We do not question that guards, porters, chiefs, subordinates, and donkeys were, all according to their several talents, as disagreeable and obstructive as they could be; though his sensitiveness to difficulties of this kind is strange in so veteran a wanderer. But his quarrels extend much further than this. He has a death-feud with the companion of his travels, because the latter broke some canon of explorer's etiquette, or some alleged agreement, by publishing their joint discoveries in *Blackwood* of last year. He sneers savagely at the Consul at Zanzibar, apparently for no other reason than some fancied unpoliteness. He has his fling at the Government of Bombay and the authorities of the India House. He takes a delight in gibbeting, by name, an unfortunate English apothecary at Zanzibar, with whose mode of treatment or activity in sending up supplies to himself he was not satisfied. And he loses no opportunity of snarling at the whole race of parsons, apparently on no other ground than that they are parsons. No doubt it is difficult for a man who sees everything through spectacles of a dingy yellow to describe his experiences as they would appear to those who have no spectacles at all. But it is a pity that, knowing his malady, he did not, before going to press, submit his compositions to some friend blest with biliary organs of a more normal character.

• ARTIST AND CRAFTSMAN.*

PEOPLE must boil something up to make a novel; and the author of this book has boiled up his reminiscences of personal adventure and of the works of Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Kingsley. As boilings-up go, it is all very well. It is a little out of the hackneyed line of novels, it is not absolutely unreadable, and it abounds in admirable morality. But it would not call for any further criticism were it not that it affords a good illustration of a remark or two that may apply to many tales of its kind, and that it discusses, after its fashion, one or two points of some interest.

In the first place, it is worth seeing what this boiling-up of the reminiscences of the works of popular writers comes to. We cannot wholly object to it, for it is unavoidable. Popular writers are popular because they fall in with the taste of the day—because they seem to put an old truth in a new way, or to reveal a new truth, and do so in an acceptable manner—and because they express what is vaguely passing through many minds. Those who are overpowered and led captive by popular writers cannot separate their own thoughts from the thoughts of the author they admire. They feel as if the expressions, although metaphorical and even accidental, which their favourite has employed, were intended, by the nature of things, to be used. They consider the repetition of these expressions, if at all singular, as a kind of religious duty, and as the symbol of a religious creed, by adopting which they record, chiefly for their own satisfaction, that they too are in the right road of morality and literature. But the outside world, which admires the popular author but is not overwhelmed by him, finds these repetitions remarkably flat, for the expressions thus repeated have no longer

that connexion with the mind of their inventor which constituted a great element of their success. The Craftsman in this novel is a railway engineer, and he does wonders in the construction of machinery and in the different operations of railway making. The writer is familiar with the language brought into fashion chiefly by Mr. Carlyle on the subject of manual labour. He therefore calls the navvies "Berserkers," and speaks of Mark Brandling first as a "captain of industry;" and then, when the wonderful tunnel is made, we are told Mark is "gazetted field-officer of industry." It is worth while for the enthusiastic devotees of popular writers to consider why such expressions fall flat, and even sound absurd, and why they were effective when used by Mr. Carlyle, although they fail when repeated. There was a time, twenty years ago, when great railway and other works were being constructed, and when a succession of writers had created a disposition to see a peculiar poetry in the operations of human industry. Mr. Carlyle, being at once a poetical and an original writer, gave expression to the wish for a poetry of labour; and as it happened that he had a fancy for Scandinavian mythology, he brought the names of that mythology to give piquancy to his praises of manual work. If he had been writing in the days of sham Orientalism—of *Lalla Rookh*, *Lurima*, and *Thalaba*—he would probably have called the navvies "Jhins;" but his fancy was for Norse literature, and he called them Berserkers. There was vagueness and novelty in such Scandinavian terms, and the idea seemed a good one of using them to glorify the heroes of labour. But their use was so intimately coupled with the reading of Mr. Carlyle, and the general turn of his writings, that they seemed only appropriate to him. They now strike us as affected and out of place in the writings of other people, for we have no longer the charm of originality which there is in Mr. Carlyle's works; and these expressions are too marked to come naturally into the English of ordinary writers.

Personal adventures and travels are the most natural materials for a novelist to draw upon. It is easier to recollect than to invent; and it is natural to suppose that, if the writer can interest his readers at all, he is most likely to do so in treating of things which have been full of interest to himself. But these personal recollections are a pitfall to young and inexperienced authors. For the reminiscence seems to have a great deal more in it than the author often takes the trouble to express; and these shorthand notes, which are significant to him, are a perplexing blank to his readers. Scenes are introduced which come to nothing; and the reason is, that the author only puts down on paper just enough to enable himself to think over what has happened. We thus have a great apparatus of machinery set going for no result. For instance, at the end of the book there is a sudden description of a party of English in Egypt. It has no connexion whatever with the story, except that one or two of the persons supposed to be in Egypt have been described elsewhere in the former part of the volume. It is a mere excursus introduced in the worst possible place, without any intrinsic interest in it. The reason of its introduction evidently is that the writer, wanting to put a little life into his tale, which was getting very limp, thought of a scene in Egypt which he either remembered or had had described to him, and imagined that the reader would feel the emotion of sudden pleasure which the recollection had given the writer. But it is impossible the reader should have any emotion at all, except of wonder that the writer should not see how very much out of place a purposeless dash of the minor characters into Egypt is at the end of a love story. The author, however, has a thread within a thread. For the mention of Egypt leads him to think of India, and he introduces an Indian officer on purpose that he may get in a sentence to the effect that India wants three conquests—"one by the sword, one by the hammer, and one by the book." To his mind this is probably not a truism. He has found a little private value in it by having worked out the platitude for himself. But the general reader finds it as useless in itself as it is utterly out of place where it occurs.

There is also another point with regard to which the *Artist and Craftsman* furnishes some good specimens for the avoidance of young writers. The author is continually reminding us that all the characters are merely the puppets of his fancy, by the pains he takes to treat them as a reality. He is for ever praising them for doing what he tells them to do. For instance, the Craftsman loves the Artist, who is an opera singer known as "the Jernietta," and a female acquaintance of his makes the extremely obvious guess that it was the woman herself, and not her opera singing, that he cared for. Having stated this, the author tells us, "very subtle, very delicate, and touchingly true, was the instinct which told Rosina that what Mark loved in Clara was Clara rather than the Jernietta." Praise so misplaced instantly reminds us that all these people are the creations of the writer. It is he who makes one of his puppets form a guess of the relation between two other of his puppets, and to call this guess a "very delicate and touchingly true instinct" is only a roundabout way of thanking himself for thinking how his puppets are to behave. It is for the readers, not for the author, to glorify his characters. So again, the Berserker engineer starts a moral problem and wants a curate friend to solve it. He goes to see this friend, but the friend is from home. The author then proceeds in the first person—"I take it that it was a happy thing for Mark, and for the irrevocable steadiness of his conviction thereafter, that he was thus thrown back." We are forced by these comments of the author on his own per-

* *Artist and Craftsman*. Cambridge: Macmillan. 1860.

formance to remember that we are only reading a fiction. If the author had chosen it to be so, the curate would have been at home; but the author makes the curate absent, and he is absent. What he really wants to tell us is, that he had a good reason for making the curate absent, but this accounting for his own contrivances is quite a mistake in a novelist. We do not want the author to come in, like Bottom, with his prologue, and tell us that the lion is only Snug the Joiner. Certainly this intervention prevents the ladies being frightened. We cannot fail to understand why the curate is absent when his absence is accounted for by the person who creates both him and his absence; but the illusion of the fiction is as much destroyed as the illusion of the play is if the roaring of the lion is explained beforehand.

The moral problem that disturbs the engineer is whether it is right to be an opera singer. The author comes to a very clear conclusion. He thinks it entirely and absolutely wrong. It must be acknowledged that he puts the case very fairly, for the singer in his story is a model of propriety and virtue, and so he quite allows that an opera singer may be a very good woman. He also distinguishes between one opera and another. The heroine refuses to sing in the *Traviata*, and after a contest the manager gives way, and she is allowed to sing no operas but those where the utmost decorum is preserved. Still she is disturbed in conscience, and the engineer flatly refuses to marry her unless she gives up singing altogether. At last she arrives at the desired conviction that any appearance on the stage is wrong in itself, and gets happily married. Thus we are brought to the position that a virtuous and discreet woman, singing only in immaculate operas, is doing wrong. We do not wish to argue the point at length, but the reasons given in this volume are entirely unconvincing. The first is, that no parent, looking at his infant daughter, would like to think she would be an opera singer. This, so far as it is true, is greatly caused by the risk attending the calling. If the parent knew that his daughter, if she were an opera singer, would be one of the best sort, and have a distinguished reward—if he could foresee that she would be virtuous, pretty, and marry an ambassador—he might not be so much disinclined. If he hesitated, his hesitation would be chiefly caused by the feeling that the position of an opera-singer is below what he would wish for his daughter. But this is nothing to the purpose. No gentleman, looking on his playful cherub, could bear to dream that she would be a cook; but he would be uncommonly sorry if the supply of cooks were to cease. Then, in the second place, opera-singing is pronounced wrong because it does not do any precise and ascertainable good. Half the occupations and callings of mankind might be condemned on this ground. The question really is not whether a distinct moral lesson is inculcated in a particular opera, but whether the general moral effect of the existence of operas is good or bad. If society gains by having public amusements where the higher tastes are gratified, there must be human beings who devote themselves to providing society with the requisite machinery for amusing itself. It is not pretended that operas have a distinctly immoral tendency, or all argument would be superfluous. It is only said that operas do not do direct moral good, like a lecture or sermon. The end of all this reasoning is to deny society real amusements, and to tell society to be amused with amusements that are not amusing. Experience is not in favour of this mode of treating society.

MR. SPURGEON ABROAD.*

IN the early part of this year, Mr. Spurgeon spent a week in Paris, and we are informed, in the pamphlet now before us, that by his means "a revival has been commenced in that land of superstition and error," France. It is difficult to say whether the success of Mr. Spurgeon or that of Mr. Cobden has been more sudden, complete, and stupendous. The French are in a fair way to become at once Evangelical Christians and free-traders, and in both capacities they will head a general march of the European intellect. We need scarcely add that France and Continental Europe will owe the revival of true religion, no less than the triumph of sound commercial doctrines, to the Emperor. The connexion of cause and effect may be surprising, but it is unquestionable, and we shall endeavour to place it in a clear light. In September last, Mr. Mason, the American Ambassador, died suddenly at Paris. When the Emperor, who was at Biarritz, heard of his death, he sent a telegraphic message, ordering the military to attend at the American church, to pay respect to Mr. Mason's memory. "They came, Romanists though they were, and lined the aisles." We are quoting from the pamphlet, which quotes a sermon by the Reverend Mr. Blood, Minister of the American church in Paris, who appears to be the sole original inventor of this plan for evangelizing France, and whom we vehemently suspect of having written the present pamphlet to describe its conception and execution. "This was liberality on the part of that great man who has been raised up by the special Providence of God to effect greater results in the history of the world than any he has yet achieved. This is great encouragement." From the fact that a detachment of French soldiers assisted at Mr. Mason's funeral, it was inferred that a Protestant reformation was about to overspread Europe.

* *The Visit of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon to Paris.* London: James Paul, and Alabaster and Passmore. 1860.

Certainly Mr. Blood's ministry will not fail through lack of faith. He reflected that "France and the Continent offered a fine field for missionary enterprise, though awfully neglected since the days of the Reformation." The occasion appeared favourable for "attempting to enkindle the smoking embers of pure religion." There were many things to encourage hope, and among others the foreign policy of the Emperor. "With bold and vigorous aim he was trying his hand with the temporalities of the Pope. He was determined to liberate Italy, and thus prepare it for the dissemination of the divine seed." Such were Mr. Blood's hopes, and such the grounds of them, about last October. We trust that since that time the Emperor's policy has continued so to shape itself as to promote the revival of true religion throughout the Continent. Perhaps the prospects of Protestantism, like those of free-trade, have become rather clouded during the last few months, notwithstanding that Mr. Spurgeon, "another and even a better Luther," as well as Mr. Cobden, has been preaching eloquently against the prevailing errors.

Malevolent comparisons are sometimes made between the French and the Roman empires. We would desire the authors of them to take notice that, as the Christian religion was inaugurated under Augustus Cæsar, so it has been restored to vigour in France under the third Napoleon. Mr. Blood's prophetic spirit was perhaps a little at fault as to the course of Italian politics, but an unerring instinct showed him the proper moment for inviting Mr. Spurgeon to preach in Paris. And, acting in concert with Providence, he made arrangements for the visit which insured its complete success. He has published an account of this French revival in which his readers are bidden to watch the workings of Providence. It is difficult to restrain a tendency to watch the workings of Mr. Blood. He tells us that there is no such thing as chance, but in the divine empire providence and grace co-operate. "These remarks are pertinent on the present occasion." It was intended to confine Mr. Spurgeon to a small chapel, but a trifling incident led to obtaining for him a large church. This, then, was the work of Providence. Mr. Blood, for his part, had intended to have Mr. Spurgeon as his guest, "as no one had hitherto responded to his delicate suggestions on that point." He had also made arrangements to have all the evangelical ministers in Paris to a "fraternal breakfast" and prayer-meeting. But "Lady G——, that Christian lady," now offered to receive Mr. Spurgeon as her guest, whereupon Mr. Blood "relinquished the pleasing privilege," and, we suppose, countermanded the preparations for the "fraternal breakfast" at his own house. The fact that the saloons of Lady G—— were used for a united prayer-meeting is second only in importance to that other fact that the Emperor of the French sent his soldiers to Mr. Mason's funeral. "Many of the Christians of Paris move in the higher circles," and the flattering blandishments of "the polite, and, we might say, the *élite* of Parisian society," were prepared for Mr. Spurgeon. But that gentleman wrote a letter, which, with an alarming frankness, Mr. Blood publishes, expressing a wish to stay in some quiet house, and adding, "the lionizing is the worst part of my labours." Mr. Spurgeon, at least out of the pulpit, is a man of sense, and it is a pity he should be perpetually surrounded by injudicious friends, who make it appear that what they call "flattering blandishments," and he calls "lionizing," takes place at united prayer-meetings, held "in the houses of two of the first families in Paris."

The invitation had been given, and a large church had been secured to preach in, and an Empire which is Peace must necessarily receive the pure Gospel gladly. It might be supposed that the arrangements of Providence and of Mr. Blood were perfect. But something still remained to do. There must be a messenger to prepare the way. When the Gospel was first delivered, the name of that messenger was John. When in these late times the Gospel was to be revived in France, the name of the messenger was Galignani. "All things being now arranged, Mr. B. had the following advertisement inserted in the Paris journals." And at the same time two articles were written for *Galignani's Messenger*, which bore, in compliance with the law, the signature of "William Blood." The proprietor of the paper, "although a Roman Catholic, courteously gave space for the articles, and only asked, as a remuneration, two tickets, for himself and a reporter." It would have been an edifying spectacle to see the process of conversion going on in *Galignani's* columns; but Mr. Spurgeon does not seem to have achieved this triumph. We do indeed read of "an English gentleman, occupying a high position in Paris," who was led by curiosity to go and hear the famous preacher. Some days after he was found at his office "in a state of great excitement, weeping." Before him was an open Bible which he had been reading. The friend who called upon him wept and prayed with him. His daughter, too, was similarly affected. "She was a lady of fashion, though a religionist of the most formal kind." And if the proprietor and staff of *Galignani's Messenger* have used their tickets of admission without injury to their Catholicism, other and more famous journalists have owned Mr. Spurgeon's power. M. Prevost-Paradol wrote an article in the *Journal des Débats*, which must be allowed to be a discriminating and forcible, as well as elegant, appreciation of Mr. Spurgeon's eloquence. We fear that Mr. Blood, or whoever is the author of the pamphlet now before us, has failed to appreciate, with equal nicety, the character and position of M. Prevost-Paradol. "His estimate of Mr. Spurgeon, so beautifully expressed, while it proves his liberality of sentiment and love for religious freedom, also points

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him out as one capable and determined to advance the truth when spoken out with power." It is really too bad, after M. Paradol's handsome eulogy of Mr. Spurgeon, to insult that distinguished writer by ascribing to him a freedom of pen which it is so well known he does not enjoy. Mr. Blood appears to think that M. Paradol is able and willing to write as freely as Mr. Spurgeon is to speak in Paris. We believe that Mr. Blood is quite correct. Mr. Spurgeon may preach again in Paris, as eloquently as he preached before, upon the same topics. But let him take for his text the Fourth Commandment, and preach from a French pulpit against Emperors and Kings who "usurp God's peculiar day" for holding councils, and we fear that Mr. Spurgeon's oratory, like M. Paradol's articles, will be dried up by the French police, who will ruthlessly interfere to check the evangelization of the Continent. Even on his first visit Mr. Spurgeon was warned by some of his French friends that he was coming to a country "where freedom of speech is not recognised to the same extent as it is in England." Dr. Grand-Pierre mentioned names of members of the Consistoire "who generously lent the church, and who belong to the highest families in France." Dr. Grand-Pierre is compared by Mr. Blood to "the venerable Paul, who cautioned his sons, Timothy and Titus;" but he has not referred to any passage in St. Paul's epistles which mentions "men of the highest families" who were politicians as well as religious men, and to whom it would be expedient to avoid giving any unnecessary offence. Mr. Spurgeon, not unnaturally, wrote to say that, unless he could have perfect liberty of speech, he would not stir from England—and liberty was promised to him accordingly. But if Mr. Spurgeon should contemplate a second visit to Paris, he will find it desirable to remember that "perfect liberty" of preaching does not include liberty to make remarks upon the way in which the Emperor employs himself on Sunday, nor even to suggest a comparison of the potentates who lately met at Baden to eagles gathered together over a carcass.

It is very unfortunate that Mr. Spurgeon's talents should be obscured and his energetic ministrations made ridiculous by the vulgar and noisy crowd of worshippers which follows and celebrates all his movements. Even the praise of M. Prevost-Paradol cannot avail against the praise of Mr. Blood. The religion of this gentleman and others like him may be genuine, but it is lamentably coarse and clamorous. The pamphlet is written with all the distressing candour of the most flagrant of American speculations in the book-making line. Mr. Spurgeon's farewell is described:—"It was indeed a sweet and solemn time—a little Pentecostal season." The very next paragraph sets out a note from the "Marquise de V—," beginning thus:—"My dear Mr. B., if all your fatigue is now over, will you come and dine quietly with us to-day at half-past six o'clock?" And in the next page a note is printed from the Rev. Frederick Monod, "one of the most zealous ministers of Paris," introducing "my dear brother Horace," for whom Mr. Blood is requested to procure an invitation to meet Mr. Spurgeon, "at dinner or otherwise," and broadly asking "could there be found a place for him at Lady G.'s to-day?" The next three pages set forth the hymns sung in the Paris services; and we observe that four out of the six refer to the power of the Holy Spirit. The whole effect of this pamphlet upon the mind is something like that of a parody of St. Luke's narrative. There was a "little Pentecost" invoked by hymns sung energetically at Mr. Spurgeon's expressed desire; and the notes from ladies of fashion, and the quiet little dinners, seem quite in keeping with the "apostles rigged out in their swaller-tailed coats," who have taken in hand the evangelization of the Continent. In the impudent familiarity with which this pamphlet treats the most sacred names and thoughts, it stands almost without a rival; and for ludicrous blundering and utter ignorance of the world in which the writer proposes to play an important part, it would be difficult to match the concluding part of his account of M. Prevost-Paradol. "He has written largely upon the Papal question, in defence of the Emperor's efforts to put down Roman tyranny. This is the more to be appreciated, as he himself is a Romanist. His wife, however, being an intelligent Protestant, no doubt some of his inspiration comes from her influence and zeal." We hope that M. Paradol's late troubles do not spring from the same cause. If we may judge from Mr. Spurgeon's letter from Baden, which was lately published, that prophet and his disciples begin to look with some distrust upon the sincerity of the Emperor's efforts to put down the Pope. For this sacred purpose it might almost be thought allowable to hold council on the Sabbath; but mere worldly politics are suspected to have been the only matters discussed at the Baden Conference. After all, it appears on further consideration doubtful whether the French Empire was intended by Providence as a machine for spreading the pure Gospel on the Continent. Mr. Spurgeon is now in Germany, but has scarcely yet proved himself "another and a better Luther." We fear that if, from a German pulpit, Mr. Spurgeon should venture to promise "chains of darkness of unusual weight" for those "ringleaders in rebellion," the princes who hold council on a Sunday, the career of the modern Luther would be cut short. Whether or not "the Lord will be avenged on such a people as this," we cannot tell; but sure we are that the rulers of the people will be avenged—and promptly—on Mr. Spurgeon, if he should forget the difference between the "Conversation-house" at Baden, and the Surrey Music Hall.

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EVERY EVENING.—Madlle. DELPHINE FIX will make her FIRST APPEARANCE on MONDAY.
Orchestra Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 5s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Commence at Eight o'clock.

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The Contest will commence in the Grounds each day at Ten o'clock, and continue till dusk; and on both days the whole of the Bands will meet at Three o'clock precisely in the Handel Orchestra, and perform Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," Haydn's Chorus, "The Heavens are Telling," Handel's "Hallelujah," "Rule Britannia," and "God Save the Queen." A Monster Gong Drum, Seven Feet in diameter, manufactured expressly for the occasion by Mr. Dittin, will accompany the combined Bands.
Admission, Tuesday, Half-a-Crown; Wednesday, One Shilling.
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CRYSTAL PALACE.—BRASS BAND CONTEST.—In accordance with Regulation No. 5, the Leaders of the Brass Bands entered for this Great Contest are instructed to attend at Exeter Hall, on Monday next, July 9th, at Seven o'clock in the Evening, to draw Lots for the choice of Platforms (which will be eight in number, situate in various parts of the Crystal Palace grounds) during the Two Days' Contest. At this Meeting Orchestra Tickets, including admission to the Palace and Railway Passes, will be issued. On account of the unprecedented number of Performers (nearly 200 in number) who will be assembled together, and will be sufficient to entirely fill the Great Handel Orchestra, where each Band and Performer will be numbered, no Bands can be admitted to the Orchestra or Palace unless strictly conforming to the above Regulation.

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THE Rev. J. M. BELLEW will READ, at ST. JAMES'S HALL, his ESSAY on the LIFE and POETRY of GOLDSMITH, on Wednesday evening, July 12th, for the BENEFIT of the BLENNIUM FREE DISPENSARY and INFIRMARY, No. 178, Portland-road, W.
Stalls, 6s.; Numbered and Reserved, which can be taken from a Plan at Mr. Austin's Office, St. James's Hall; or, at Messrs. Chappell and Co.'s, 20, New Bond-street. Area and Balconies, 3s.; Back Seats and Gallery, 1s.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.—Mr. T. J. BARKER'S great PICTURE, painted by Authority, is now ON VIEW at the LUCKNOW GALLERY, 5, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall.

JERUSALEM.—TWO GRAND PICTURES, by SELOUS, each 13 feet by 8 feet, containing more than 200 special points of interest. 1. "Jerusalem in her Grandeur, A.D. 33, with Christ's Triumphant Entry into the Holy City." 2. "Jerusalem in her Fall, as now viewed from the Mount of Olives."
The above Pictures are now ON VIEW at Messrs. LEGGATT, HAYWARD, and LEGGATT, 79, Cornhill. Open daily, from Nine to Six o'clock, Free.

APPEAL ON BEHALF OF THE WIDOWS AND CHILDREN of the POOR FISHERMEN and MARINERS LOST during the GALE in MAY last.

The recent awful visitation of Providence in the fearfully sudden gale of the 29th of May, on the eastern shores of the kingdom, has swept into eternity 136 steady and industrious men, in the prime of life, earning their livelihood by honest labour for themselves, their wives, and families.

The large proportion of these lost were fishermen connected with Yarmouth and Lowestoft, and the adjoining villages in Norfolk and Suffolk, and prosecuting a valuable branch of national industry.

The hard-earned wages of the husbands and parents in previous fisheries had already been spent during a winter of unprecedented length and severity, and more than 70 widows and 173 children are bereaved of their natural supporters, and left in a destitute and helpless condition.

Committees have been formed for the collection of subscriptions to meet this terrible calamity, and a general fund is being raised.

The Committee feel that this melancholy statement will be a sufficient appeal to a Christian people for their sympathy and aid in this great cause of benevolence and charity.

WILLIAM WORSWIP, Mayor of Great Yarmouth.

FRANCIS CUNNINGHAM, Vicar of Lowestoft.

Great Yarmouth and Lowestoft, June 26th, 1860.

WE, the undersigned, feeling the necessity of affording immediate assistance to those who have suffered by the dreadful storm of the 29th of May on the east coast, and being aware that many charitably-disposed persons are anxious to contribute, have formed a Committee in London, to co-operate with the Local Committees in Norfolk and Suffolk.

(Signed)

STRADEBROKE

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Subscriptions will be received by Messrs. Drummond; Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, and Co.; Messrs. Glyn and Co.; the London Joint-Stock Bank; and by the London and Westminster Bank.

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TUITION.—A CLERGYMAN, B.A. of CAMBRIDGE, wishes to READ with a PUPIL an Hour or Two Daily.—Address A. E., Boddington's Library, Notting-hill-gate, W.

A LADY EXPERIENCED IN TUITION, wishes for an APPOINTMENT as GOVERNESS to Pupils under Fourteen. Acquirements, English, French, Music, and a good rudimentary knowledge of Italian and German.—Address E. L., Post-office, Hemy-on-Thames.

TRAVELLING TUTOR.—A CLERGYMAN, resident on the Continent, about to take duty for the Season in the Oberland of Switzerland, wishes for TWO or THREE PUPILS to read with him there. He will meet his Pupils at Antwerp or Ostend. For Terms, &c., address Rev. B. A., care of H. D. MOORE, Esq., Unity Insurance Office, Cannon-street, E.C.

CLIFTON, BRISTOL.—A GRADUATE of CAMBRIDGE, RECEIVING a LIMITED NUMBER of PUPILS to prepare for the Public Schools, will have FOUR VACANCIES in AUGUST NEXT.—For particulars, address A. Y., care of Mr. J. M. CHILLCOTE, Clifton-street, Bristol.

THE REV. PHILIP SMITH, late Head Master of Mill Hill School, RECEIVES a LIMITED NUMBER of PUPILS. THE SESSION BEGINS on the 1st of AUGUST. Further particulars on application.—St. James's Lodge, Croydon, Surrey, S.

THE CAMBRIDGE VOLUNTARY.—A CLERGYMAN, residing near Regent-street, who has recently passed this Examination in Honour and Hebrew, and is accustomed to Tuition, wishes to READ with GENTLEMEN PREPARING FOR ORDERS. Terms moderate.—Letters to A. Z., at Mr. BOOTH'S, 57, Regent-street, W.

HOME AND EDUCATION.—A Lady of great experience in the care of young children, and having the charge of one of rank, is desirous of taking a LIMITED NUMBER of LITTLE GIRLS, not above the age of Twelve years, to whom she can offer the advantages of a home, together with those of a superior education. Liberal terms expected. The highest references given. For further particulars address A. B., to the care of Mr. W. MOORE, 60, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

EDUCATION, MARGATE.—MISS STANLEY begs to announce she RECEIVES a SELECT NUMBER of YOUNG LADIES in her Establishment on strictly Inclusive Terms. The Prospectus stating the one amount charged. The climate of the above favourite watering-place is well known statistically as the best in the kingdom.

The SCHOOL will ASSEMBLE JULY 2nd. For particulars and references apply to Miss STANLEY, 6, Church-field-place, Margate.

OAKHAM SCHOOL, RUTLAND, RE-OPENS AUG. 9TH.—TWELVE OPEN EXHIBITIONS of £40 per Annum each, and other University advantages of considerable value, are attached to the School.—Apply to the Rev. THE HEAD MASTER.

MILL HILL SCHOOL.—The Rev. WM. FLAVEL HUENDALL, M.A., Ph.D. (late of Worcester), has been appointed Head Master and Chaplain of the Mill Hill School, and will MEET the PUPILS to commence the work of the Session on WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1st, 1860.—Further information may be obtained from the Rev. THOMAS REES, Resident Secretary, Mill Hill, near Hendon, Middlesex.

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL, BATH.—TWO VACANCIES for BOARDERS in the HEAD MASTER'S HOUSE. Much attention to English Literature and Modern Languages. Very few Boarders received. Great care taken to ensure their comfort and promote their progress. High references to parents of pupils. There is a Resident German Teacher. The Playground has a Fives Court, &c. Terms, including School Fees and all extras, £80 a year.—Apply to Rev. H. S. FAGAR, M.A., Bath.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL, Crediton, near Exeter. The Rev. JOHN LANGFORD CAPPER, B.A. (late Scholar of Wadham College, Oxford, Hon. Fellow of King's College, London), SECOND MASTER of the above School, RECEIVES into his House a limited number of BOARDERS, who enjoy the comforts of a Private Family, with the advantages of a sound Classical, Mathematical, and English Education at the School.

The New Buildings, erected by the Governors of the Church of Crediton, were opened in February last, and will bear comparison with any in the West of England. The situation is remarkably healthy, and the arrangements, both of the School and of the Masters' Houses, are of a very superior character.

Several of the Pupils of the School, as well as of Mr. CAPPER'S own Private Pupils, have distinguished themselves during the past year at the Universities and other Competitive Examinations.

TERMS.
For Pupils under Fourteen years old..... £35 per Annum.
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" above Sixteen (if preparing for the University)..... £45 "
For further information respecting the valuable Scholarships and Exhibitions attached to the School, apply to Mr. CAPPER.
The Vacation terminates on Monday, the 30th of July.
B.M.—Boys educated at this School are eligible for the Stapleton Scholarships, at Exeter College, Oxford.

OWENS COLLEGE, MANCHESTER, IN CONNEXION WITH THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—TO PROFESSORS OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY AND OTHERS.—The Trustees of this College are desirous of receiving Proposals from Gentlemen qualified and willing to undertake the office of PROFESSOR OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, to be both Mathematically and Experimentally taught. The Trustees propose the allowance to the Professor of the yearly salary of £200, in addition to a proportion of the Fees to be received from the Students attending the Classes of such Professor. The Professor is required to devote to the duties of the office so much of his attention as may be deemed by the Trustees necessary for the efficient instruction of the Students. It is requested that applications may be accompanied with testimonials and references, and that each Gentleman applying will state his age and general qualifications.—Communications addressed "To the Trustees of Owens College," under cover to Messrs. J. P. ASTON and Sons, Solicitors, Manchester, not later than the 25th day of July next, will be duly attended to, and further information afforded, if required. It is PARTICULARLY REQUESTED THAT APPLICATIONS MAY NOT BE MADE TO THE TRUSTEES INDIVIDUALLY.

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MESSRS. HEINE and CO., 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, London, W.C., whose knowledge of Ancient and Modern Languages, &c., enables them to judge of the Competency of Applicants, introduce experienced ENGLISH and FOREIGN GOVERNESSES and TUTORS. They are Agents for the Principal Schools in ENGLAND, FRANCE, GERMANY, BELGIUM, and SWITZERLAND, and place Pupils according to requirements free of expense. Their Educational Adviser (free for Trupee) contains a large List of Scholarships Transfers.

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SIXTH DIVISION OF PROFITS.

All Policies now effected will participate in the Division to be made as at 10th NOVEMBER NEXT. The Standard was established in 1825.

The first Division of Profits took place in 1833; and subsequent Divisions have been made in 1840, 1846, 1850, and 1855.

The Profits to be divided in 1860 will be those which have arisen since 1855.

ACCUMULATED FUND £1,684,598 2 10
ANNUAL REVENUE..... 289,231 13 6

Annual Average of New Assurances effected during the last Ten Years, upwards of HALF A MILLION STERLING.

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CORNHILL, AND CHARING CROSS, LONDON.

Established 1803.

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The CASH PAYMENTS under the division of PROFITS recently declared on PARTICIPATING LIFE Policies, is equal at most ages to considerably MORE than a WHOLE YEAR'S PREMIUM on Policies of six years' standing.

All classes of FIRE, LIFE, and ANNUITY business transacted.—Rates of Premium very Economical.—No Charge for VOLUNTEER, RIFLE, and MILITIA Service within the United Kingdom.

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INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER AND ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Capital—One Million.

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LIFE ASSURANCE.

1860.

POLICIES EFFECTED WITH THIS COMPANY DURING THE PRESENT YEAR WILL BE ENTITLED TO SIX YEARS' BONUS AT NEXT DIVISION OF PROFITS.

The Company last year issued 603 Policies, Assuring £440,000.
At last Investigation, 31st December, 1859, the ascertained Profits amounted to £130,000.

ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THE COMPANY.

SECURITY.—The Company has now been established for Fifty years; and, in addition to the Capital, the ACCUMULATED FUNDS AMOUNT TO £2,051,464.

DIVISION OF PROFITS.—The large proportion of NINETY PER CENT. is allotted to Policies, with Profits.

FREEDOM FROM RESTRICTION.—Certificates are issued freeing Policies from all restrictions which can affect their Marketable Value, and making them indisputable.

The attention of the Public is specially called to the DOUBLE INSURANCE SYSTEM.—HALF PREMIUM SYSTEM.—AND ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY SYSTEM.—lately adopted by this Office. For full particulars, reference is made to the Prospectus of the Company.

Members of Volunteer Corps are not charged additional Premium.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The Company insure against Fire every description of Property, at the lowest rates of Premium corresponding to the risk. Rents of Buildings also Insured.

Prospectuses and all necessary information may be obtained on application at the Head Office, No. 64, PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH, or any of the Agents in the Country.

4, New Bank Buildings, Lothbury, London, March, 1860.

R. STRACHAN, Secretary.

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND.—BANK OF DEPOSIT

(Established A.D. 1844). No. 3, Pall-mall East, London, S.W.—THE WARRANTS for the HALF-YEARLY INTEREST, at the rate of Five per Cent. per Annum, on Deposit Accounts, to the 30th instant, will be ready for delivery on and after the 10th July, and payable daily between the hours of 10 and 4.

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.

Prospectuses and Forms sent free on application.

REDUCTION OF THE WINE DUTIES.

THE OXFORD SHERRY, 30s. per dozen, bottles included.—CADIZ WINE COMPANY, 65, St. James's-street, London. N.B.—Carriage free.

ALLSOPP'S PALE ALE IN BOTTLE, recommended by Baron LIEBIG and all the Faculty, may now be had in the finest condition of Messrs. HARRINGTON PARKER, and CO., who have REDUCED the PRICE of this highly esteemed beverage to

4s. 6d. per dozen Imperial Pints.

2s. 9d. Imperial Half-pints.

Address HARRINGTON PARKER, and Co., 54, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

ICE, and REFRIGERATORS for preserving Ice and cooling Wine, Butter, Cream, Water, Jellies, and provisions of all kinds, manufactured by the WENHAM LAKE ICE COMPANY (now removed to 140, Strand, W.C.), of the best make, and at the lowest cash prices. No agents are appointed in London for the sale of the Company's Ice or Refrigerators.

Pure spring-water ice, in blocks, delivered to most parts of town daily, and packages of 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., and upwards, forwarded any distance into the country by "Goods" train, without perceptible waste. Wine-coolers, ice-cream Machines, ice frames for sherry-cobblers, fridges, moulds, &c. Detailed printed particulars may be had, by post, on application to the WENHAM LAKE ICE COMPANY, 140, Strand, London, W.C.

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BUY IN THE CHEAPEST MARKET was the constant advice of our late lamented Statesman, Sir R. Peel. The EAST INDIA TEA COMPANY are still supplying at the usual rate.

Warehouse, 9, Great St. Helen's.

TEA.—STRACHAN and CO.'S Strong Rough "Domestic" Black, at 3s. 3d. per lb.; their "Prime Intermediate" Black, at 3s. 3d. per lb.; and their Matchless "Drawing-Room" Black, at 4s. 2d. per lb. 7 lbs. and upwards sent free of carriage within sixty miles of London.—38, COBURNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

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BROWN and POLSON'S PATENT-CORN FLOUR, preferred to the best Arrowroot. Delicious in Puddings, Custards, Blancmange, Cake, &c., and especially suited to the delicacy of Children and Invalids. The *Lancet* states—"This is superior to anything of the kind known." Paisley and London.

SOYER'S SULTANA SAUCE, RELISH, SUCCULANTE, AROMATIC MUSTARD, &c.—These excellent Preparations, of which the *Lancet*, in its sanitary analysis of Articles of Food, reported so favourably of their purity and wholesomeness, are to be obtained of all Grocers and Italian Warehousemen in the United Kingdom. They are indispensable with Fish, Meat, Game, Poultry, Hares, Stews, and all made dishes; impart also to Chops, Steaks, and Cutlets, a most delicious flavour.—Wholesale, CROSBY and BLACKWELL, Fawcett's to the Queen, 21, Soho-square, London.

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Practical experience, combined with a scientific knowledge of external anatomy and the definite proportions and forms of the human figure, give them confidence in selecting patronage.

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LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL, Administered with the greatest success in cases of

CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, COUGHS, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, GENERAL DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE SKIN, RICKETS, INFANTILE WASTING, AND ALL SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS.

Extensive experience, and the recorded testimony of numberless eminent medical practitioners, prove that a half-pint of DR. DE JONGH'S Oil is equal in remedial effects to a quart of any other kind. Hence it is incomparably the best, so it is likewise the cheapest. Prolongation, speedy efficacy, safety, and economy unitedly recommend this unrivalled preparation to invalids.

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MAPPIN AND CO.'S ELECTRO-SILVER PLATE is guaranteed to have a strong deposit of the Purest Silver, according to prices charged. MAPPIN AND CO.'S SPOONS AND FORKS, Confidently recommended.

Full Size.	Fiddle.	Double Thread.	King's.	Lady.
13 Table Forks	1 10 0	2 14 0	2 18 0	2 14 0
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13 Dessert Forks	1 7 0	2 10 0	2 14 0	2 10 0
13 Dessert Spoons	1 7 0	2 10 0	2 14 0	2 10 0
13 Tea Spoons	1 6 0	1 4 0	1 4 0	1 6 0

Each article may be had separately at the same price.

The most beautiful and varied assortment to be seen anywhere, of TEA and DINNER SERVICES, CRUETS, CRUTTER FRAMES, DISH COVERS, SIDE-DISHES, WAITERS, TRAYERS, FRUIT STANDS, EPERGONES, &c., the Quality excellent, and the Prices most reasonable.

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FIDDLE PATTERN.					KING'S PATTERN.				
	GR.	S.	D.	£ s. d.		GR.	S.	D.	£ s. d.
13 Table Spoons	30	45	7	4 11 0	13 Table Spoons	40	60	7	6 10 0
13 Table Forks	30	45	7	4 11 0	13 Table Forks	40	60	7	6 10 0
13 Dessert Spoons	30	45	7	4 11 0	13 Dessert Spoons	34	47	6	5 0 0
13 Dessert Forks	30	45	7	4 11 0	13 Dessert Forks	34	47	6	5 0 0
3 Gravy Spoons	10	7	4	3 13 4	3 Gravy Spoons	11	7	4	3 8 0
1 Soup Ladle	9	7	4	3 8 0	1 Soup Ladle	11	7	4	3 8 0
4 Sauce Ladles	10	7	4	3 8 0	4 Sauce Ladles	11	7	4	3 8 0
1 Fish Slice	10	7	4	3 8 0	4 Salt Spoons, gilt bowls				1 10 0
4 Salt Spoons, gilt bowls				1 10 0	1 Mustard Spoon, ditto				0 10 0
1 Mustard Spoon				0 7 0	1 Fish Slice				2 8 0
12 Tea Spoons	10	45	7	13 14 0	12 Tea Spoons	14	45	7	13 14 0
1 Pair Sugar Tongues				0 13 6	1 Pair Sugar Tongues				1 3 0
1 Moist Sugar Spoon				0 8 0	1 Moist Sugar Spoon				0 15 0
1 Sugar Sifter				0 15 0	1 Sugar Sifter				0 15 0
1 Butter Knife				0 12 6	1 Butter Knife				1 1 0

ESTD 18 10

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	GR.	S.	D.	£ s. d.		GR.	S.	D.	£ s. d.
Tea Pot	22	45	10	0 11 0	Tea Pot	22	45	10	0 11 0
Sugar Basin	14	11	0	7 14 0	Sugar Basin	13	11	0	7 8 0
Creamer	14	11	0	7 14 0	Creamer	13	11	0	7 8 0
Coffee Pot	25	30	10	12 10 0	Coffee Pot	25	30	10	12 10 0

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London: Printed by THOMAS CHAPMAN SAVILE and JAMES ALLOW EDWARDS, at their Office, 4, Chandos-street, Covent-garden, in the County of Middlesex; and Published by DAVID JONES, of 9, Hemingford Cottages, Islington, at the Office, 30, Southampton-street, Strand, in the same County.—July 7, 1860.